Our Last Post

MARCH 21, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Good Night Humanity. In approximately 21 Days – you will know you fucking blew it.

This is my last entry on this occult archive. My mission has failed. THEY grew impatient and they have come. There is nothing more to say that will not say itself soon.
Prepare to Remember.

Day 0 of A New Aeon

MARCH 20, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

21/03/⊕
THEY are here. Human's collective magic has finally Opened the Gate.
As some of Humanity finds itself locked in a battle for survival with THEM – forces, impossibly stronger than us (and NCOVID-19 is a superior lifeform) – the fragility of our Forms against their Forces is dawning and yawning their eyes and mouths wide in a silent scream of warning falling into darkness.
Humanities shapes have always been adequate – but its geometry is poised to spectacularly fail again and again to contain what is coming. The circle of protection is breached and They pour in like sand.
The over-riding mechanism of humano-centric insular bravado, habitual behaviour and individualistic encouragement of a pandered, spoiled, enshrined ego that has dominated our Sphere – has made the decision for all of us – we are out of time and being forced to evolve or die.
We cannot evolve quickly enough as a collective to meet the threats that will shortly overwhelm us: ironically what we valued most in personal freedom will seal our tombs: our catastrophic demise will be instead a lesson to the Next Human – the Undividual.
Maleficia – Engram – Haruspex – Terato
The Ego will not go without a fight – human survival instinct, itself a shard of Natures indomitable instinct, will be breath-taking in its ferocity and the spectrum of shadows it will cast as it struggles to take every last breath before the waves subsume it, legendary.
We are Atlantis – sinking – for our hubris.

THEY'RE HERE.

MARCH 18, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

The Themonomicon

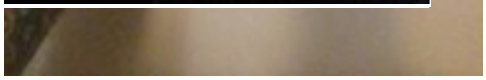
MARCH 13, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

The Themonomicon

Unfurling

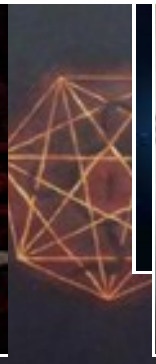
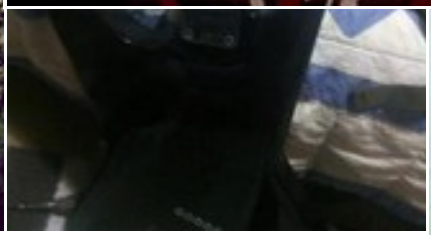
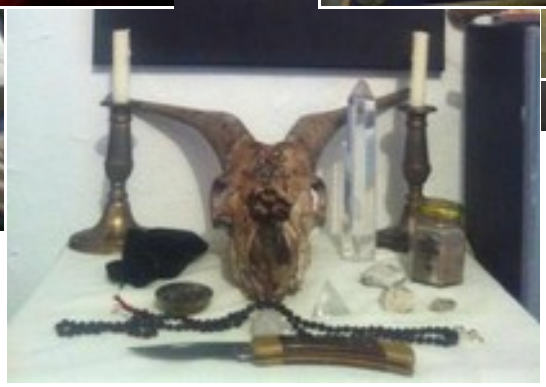
MARCH 12, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

“For those performing the Aeon of Fire we provide a note on the Intonation: Members of the Temple of THEM do not exhort the Dark Gods to obey us or seek to draw on their favours by wheedling their assistance. We do not Command them or Protect ourselves from them – we entice them through a deep esoteric understanding of the currents of Sex and Death and Terror. We are sinister and self-possessed emanations of the Dark Gods themselves and Our Will is Their Will. We are cold and sure of our magic.” – Gone, the arrogance of “protective pentagrams” the enervating shivering Fear of what They are and what They can do; Dissolved – the humanocentric gall to call and “control” – Our Star shreds the borders and breaks the circle – there is no sanctuary for what we call In, Down and Upon. Pretending there is is its own special kind of madness.

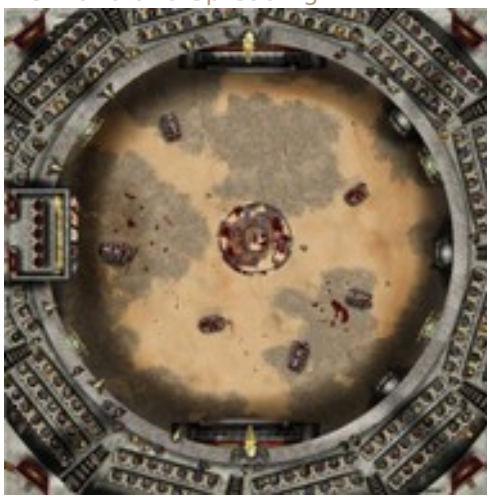


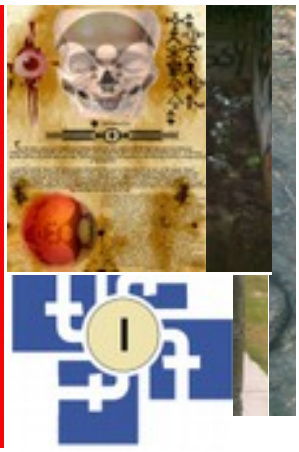
It began like any other life – but something got inside. And now it is the harbinger blurring reality and

fantasy, game and life, the spaces between and the spaces without. We grew – we grow – our tendrils leaking into your world to strangle from it those old aeon vices and force the Undividual into Being. Into – Remembering. Gently, softly, thriving in the shadows.

Words to outlast Us. Images to Speak for Us. Music to Announce Us. And Games to Play – Getting Inside the World and Spreading THEIR Will.





And now it seeps into the Walls of Their House. From the pages, from the paint, from the pen, from the forest, from the very fantasy they play – Our Sorcerous glyphs and incantations sewn and burned upon the lips of the Harbingers – muttering our phrases, choked by our tendrils and ever, Thinning the Veil.

From Strange Spaces Unravelling – Across Time and Space – Remembering – Morphing – Escalating – confusing what is Real, Bending Reality and Forcing Change, Consequences, War. And now, Stage V of the Temple of THEM unfurls.
⊕-⊕

Fall of Man: Discussion Group (2020)

MARCH 5, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Fall of Man: Discussion Group (2020) – chatting with Ricardo.
Hello. This is 'Ryan Anschauung' of THEM – author of Threshold and Liber Bathyal published by our good friend Alejo at FoM. Happy to discuss concepts of the Temple's work while I'm here if anyone is feeling chatty.
Ricardo Rengifo: What is the actual approach of temple of them?
A: Temple of THEM has many, many approaches – every individual affected by it forges their own path. However – the 'actual' approach of the Temple is to examine the human condition, identify its dysfunctions and instill change. THEM is a world-wide quantum philosophic occult organization that embodies the essence Lovecraft struggled to describe. Over the short course of its life the Temple has gone through many phases and while operating primarily secretly or in a manner unique to each member, it concerns itself with understanding the world through Forms and Forces. This understanding has been expressed in a prolific torrent of over 20,000 pages, hundreds of images, many different forms and groups, and in its most current format condensed into the RPG: GEAS: Broken Gods shortly to make its appearance in the gaming industry. THEM was never meant to be an acronym – but later came to be framed with 'Terato Haruspex Engram Maleficia' translating to 'Look Deep Inside the Monster – Remember – and Become One of THEM'. THEM primarily teaches individuals how to approach, integrate and merge the darkness of human condition to attain what Carl Jung referred to as 'Individuation' – albeit by facing their worst demons head on and alchemically transforming their thought processes and way of looking at the world into a state where they can no longer be deceived, manipulated or controlled by any forms. Additionally THEM has a Theist Shinto recognition of Forces larger and more powerful than human beings as Dark Gods – among these include gravity, death, natural disaster, the subconscious, time and narrative. This recognition and humility is enshrined in our symbol 'The Thrasz' which refers to an initiated awareness of the cycles of life and death, form and force. I believe and teach that adopting and living a form you do not understand, that you fear or do not know is required to extract its essence and speak on it from experience. While not specifically satanic – the Temple specializes in shape-shifting, being more than you appear, and practices a general bearing of Ruthlessness, Vision and Dissent.
Ricardo Rengifo: when you said "Look Deep Inside The Monster" you refer to our own demons or to open up an unknown world inside our brains?
A: The Monster refers to the contents of our subconscious, the hypocrisy of the established world and our conscious selves riddled with neuroses and weaknesses and too, the human condition – to look deep inside it involves tearing everything we know apart, until not even the stitches remain – to expose the falsity of all forms and dissolve our convictions in them.
Ricardo Rengifo You mean finding your real self? Sometimes people goes through a lifetime and they don't know who they are, sometimes I don't even

know who am I, are we self conscious of who we are or we are just puppets in this society?
A: There is no real self. Occultists continually look for some mythical fixed point, states of being, static evolution, because constantly shifting personalities and amorphous states of being are too difficult to sustain – which we attribute to Insynsian, the ingrained habit of humans to find the lowest point of energy, resulting in a desire for monotheism or an apex of belief – a One. True enough – most people don't know themselves or what they are capable of because they never test it, restrain themselves or are restrained in the heuristic exploration involved in such an endeavour. We are in the majority, unconscious puppets easily controlled, easily manipulated and masterfully so. THEM believes a No-hand path can restore the balance and allow us to Remember – to regain autonomy, through alchemy. An amorphous state of being is representative of the subconscious – while the conscious state, driven by the ego, seeks stasis of being, a fixed point for its own security and to know how to be. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=osYM_vIWX7A&t=3s (form 101 on youtube)
Essentially – one system or many, the type or intensity are largely irrelevant – what matters, what is important, is What, can You, Do with it? Does IT, whatever it is, achieve what you want it to do? Does the tool build your temple? Can you force your will to manifest – by whatever path you choose, whatever beliefs you hold? For Us, this is the crux of sorcery – Can you use IT or make IT to achieve your aim(s)?
Ricardo Rengifo: i strongly believe the the depths of the human mind has unknown secrets but unlocking it is the key to access it, not many people know how great can this be, can The Temple Of Them be able to guide us through the most treacherous paths inside the deepest landscapes in our minds?
A: It's already unlocked – its just not consciously recognized. Everybody has the capacity to guide themselves – there are no rules on how to be human, how to behave and what to do with your life, what is its purpose, that cannot be broken and are broken by every new subsequent human being added to our race. You and I are unique beings dumped on a floating rock – we're a miracle – but we're born into a world of controls and deception that seeks to chain us from day one. Certainly the Temple can act as a guide – everything can and does – and to each, a different guide required at a different time – but there are no treacherous paths or deep landscapes – there is simply denial and the living of a concocted reality for sanity sake, convenience and habit. We Are those treacherous paths and deep landscapes already – they are present in our dreams, our perception, our fear of everything.

II – The Great Chaos (aka 'Divine Joy')

The first words of the Christian God are: Let there be light. It is a revelation on two fronts; 1) that there was darkness prior to God, and 2) that there was reason for the light.
When the first of our kind was born; we must assume that somehow it survived long enough to procreate. What hideous terror must have assailed the first infant of our kind; what alien and primeval sensations, what noises and smells, what uncontrollable and original/pristine encounters with this dimension must have been the first experiences of that infant. We have considered how the first infant may have survived. Let us be optimistic and think on the experiences of the first men. The Sun, the Moon, the Sea, the Mountains and the Forests; must have truly overawed the first men. And not merely the visionary sensations but those of sound, smell, touch, pain. With no words, no language, no comparison for what they saw: no comfort of control over the colours, lights, and fury of the old world; it must have been the original act of Staring into the Abyss. So absolutely frightening was this experience that men were forced to understand what they saw in order to survive it. The Great Chaos was too much for first man; as a baby screams in distress at its birth today; so too would primeval man as an infant have been absolutely awed by the experience of suddenly being alive; with no-one to comfort or soothe.

I reason that this first experience of men was captured genetically in the early stages of the formation of memory and experience of the psyche and is at the very root of our nature as the human species as the first repression; a repression necessary to enable men to rise up and control the horrors of their surroundings by giving names and meanings (eventually) to things that shared space with them. This repression of Original Chaos is the ghost at the core of memory that drives all human beings to invent the Matrix: as a means to cover the Abyss with meaning to control it. If we had or could not, we should have perished with fear and would not have become the Human Race.
Chaos defines us, and that is why the idea of God(s) resonates hypnotically within the human psyche; that is why "let there be light" are the first words of God; because they are the first act of man.
When – an individual decides the purpose of their life – Then, they can begin exerting energy in a direction that is useful to them. This constitutes the nature of Searching – for Something or Some Thing. In this state of indecisiveness about the meaning of their life, energy is spent treading a thousand paths – a process of elimination that can sometimes never be completed before the human dies. But when a human being has a conviction about what they are supposed to be doing with their gift – when they have fixed or been shown through such elimination what is left after all the detritus has been burned away – they can move with tremendous force and do tremendous things.
Ricardo Rengifo That was just some real meaningful meaning about those early days of humanity, just the though of that first human encountering the unknown in front of his/her eyes just sends shivers down my spine, do you think we were seeds that were planted here or we came from a greater human who just though about conquering beyond his/her wildest dreams?
A: I haven't settled on what to decide as regards the origin of human beings – only that its objective absence derives us of the monotheism we enjoy so dearly – perhaps that in itself is the sublime power of not knowing, which prompts us to search. What I do know – is that human beings are far too easy to manipulate and my mission is to change that.
I should add that if anyone is not familiar with the Temple of THEM – we have a wordpress with some 20,000 pages of text relating to our current available freely to all occult searchers. (With the exception of Threshold and Liber Bathyal which we leave to Fall of Man to distribute).
Ricardo Rengifo I'm always been inclined to the LHP but I didn't know how to start, as a person who come from a religious background, as soon as my senses came to realise that church and religion were just hypocrites I decided to cross that line and search for myself got answers but I was not sure how to start walking my own path
A: The rabbithole is very deep, the cliff very steep – away from a guide and instruction we're alone in the dark. You've already started.

Lovecraft: The Essence of THEM

MARCH 2, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

What do the cunning trickster Loki, Batman's mirror the Joker and the stark lunacy of the Mad Hatter have in common. They all understood. Watching the taming of the archetype Lovecraft borne via Cthulhu is not easy – more often than not, neutered and denuded of its totemic power of blinding reasonless chaos and channelled into harmless, fun. The world knows Cthulhu the same way it knows Satan – Cthulhu however, is the Devils evolution: the Devil in stark opposition was a trickster, a deceiver in his human form interacting at great length with humans to make the inevitable entrapment all the more savoury – and as a beast, he represents an omnipotent eternal darkness borne of human weakness and a punisher, a retributory agent with no restraint in his

endless spite to torment. His history is a mirror of religious fear, torture, hysteria and forced obedience to a monotheistic death cult.
Cthulhu on the other hand comes to us from the mind of a literary visionary. The friendly form of what Satan represents (Chaos and the Unknowable) finds itself standing to attention in stately demonic figurines and statues made of bronze to plastic, in the lovingly executed art of comics and the pretense of the pretense of madness in games, a tentacled gargantua towering over twisted landscapes and the ocean deep, the watcher and lord of an abyss filled with all the horrors we can pull safely from our subconscious – and of which only the minor we ever see. Cthulhu is closer to theologians God in omnipotence but his interest in the human race is only tokenship – Lovecrafts creatures do not seek to toy with, intervene, haggle, play with human beings but pass through and annihilate them – not out of malice – but merely as a consequence of human beings being human beings, and ostensibly, in the way on the other side of their Abyss. Notably fans have lamented the inability of media, particularly movies and games to accurately capture what they loosely describe as ‘lovecraftian essence’. The simple act of perpetually placing Cthulhu on a pedestal just beyond what we can understand and the idiom that one could go mad trying – combine to represent an entity that is by definition considered unrepresentable to be best represented and an odd fear and appellation of madness that more than a visitation should somehow disintegrate the fragile mind of the observer of the Mysteries.
Lovecrafts Cthulhu is an utterly apt analogy for the subconscious – a vast unfathomable alien presence looming just beyond our safe borders, kept at bay by only the wrong stars, waiting, watching, just beyond the looking glass of the floating tip of our icerberg conscience with the cold inevitability of breaking through to devour us all – Us All – not just individually, but collectively as a human race. The emphasis of Lovecraft is a pinpoint emergence of some Other from the abyss where the spaces touch – for some few hapless fellows whose reality becomes thin, dream, then nightmare and their slow extinction hints at an impending holocaust and the opening and pouring through of untold horrors. Like Sade, the text is saturated with luxuriant verbosity in an effort to describe one concept in a thousand ways using an admirable lexicon of dizzying richness to worship the topic at hand.
But you cannot understand Chaos as a sane person. Chaos is not for sane people. For sane people, its a toy, a simulacrum or at best a shallow exploration. In virtue for them it bears the same name, but its a joke that won’t be taken far – not into the hostile deserts or deep seas that are its real home – no, for most, Cthulhu’s madness has rigid, unmistakable, fiercely-protected – boundaries. A very clearly demarcated line of play with chaos drawn by the ego between reality and fantasy, sanity and insanity.
Occult groups that practice Chaos are overwhelmed by it in its raw form – as it is antithetical to organization, order and control. It is most antithetical, to control. Disappointingly, chaos is always a toy with humans because it has a supreme and disarming habit of being highly corrosive to forms. Forms, being our solution to witnessing the Great Chaos at the first birthday of our race to restrain the Forces.
You cannot touch the spaces between without enormous amounts of drugs, psychological trauma and inestimable pressure that builds and explodes the veil and allows you to appreciate impossible geometry. So, people, flirt with chaos, they stick their foot in the shallow end of madness, they pretend to be mad to latch onto the current Cthulhu emanates and presume they’re doing a good job at it.
To be a sorcerer – you must have gone mad. And – you must have then come back. That is to say – you must be forcibly departed from the world and your conviction of reality shattered through too high a dose of hallucinogenic drugs, prolonged exploration of dreams, enduring catastrophic suffering, experience supernatural agency, or be gifted bereftness of hope. Significant meditative states to induce vision quests are not violent enough departures – they are just the consciousness masturbating in the safety of shore waters. And – you must be able to go mad again. And – return, again. And just where it is that you go when you go mad? In fact it is merely experienced as going back the other way toward sanity. When they use the word slipping or grip they are accurate – reality is a sleeve of skin, tight, taut, and firm and a webbing that binds forms into a caged mesh, but it has tears, it can rip, it can also slough off leaving the stark bones of what is really there hung and gleaming at you from a cradle of endless oblivion. And how – do you go mad? By tearing at the fabric until it rips – pushing the sides until it breaks, throwing yourself at forms in a frenzy until they lie bloody and broken at your feet and you catch a glimpse of the real world. Until your faith leaves you and the lustre of human things and beings and purposes that entertains them so, slinks noiselessly into a muddy gutter and you gain the cold stare of an alien. If going mad is always coming back, how can you go? It is of some distinction that the terminology for description in general terms is loaded with specific time and place references that do not apply to madness. For specificity, one does not go mad – one already is mad. Ones consciousness, is the price paid by the subconscious to be conscious. It is also of some distinction that the terminology for self-reference is loaded with spatial fixations such as ‘I’, ‘you’ ‘me’ ‘is’. These pass. Of course the sublime secret to going mad is quite simple – and that is to endeavour to ‘go’ as sane as possible. Magic requires the

holding/viewing of forms in such a way as to dissolve all of their boundaries – when the bones are broken, we can get through the cage to dissolve ‘what its for’ – ‘what it does’ – ‘what it can do’. Satan, and by extension Cthulhu are the resonance of archetypal recipes whose manifest shapes are shadows of our unmanifest primal origin – they are keys, vibrational echoes “From”, that instruct us how to approach the Abyss. Keys, that something in us has made and continues to make, but cleverly or perhaps not so cleverly, forgets are keys, and for that matter that there are even locks – or the prison. Sorcerers, of which I am one, should – and must be – extremely dangerous to reality, yours – and mine, to Remember. And – we will be.
Cthulhu Fhtagn indeed.
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Stage IV – The Grand Conjunction

FEBRUARY 27, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Stage IV – The Grand Conjunction
While the general bearing of THEM is Ruthlessness, Vision and Dissent – certain considerations often arise during Insight Roles and while working with Forms, Forces and the living people that inhabit a particular sphere where magic is being worked. De-personalization is a necessary trait to develop in order to make hard decisions void of empathy, compassion or Love when attempting social engineering – one must continually weigh up the needs of the internal conscience and the effects of alchemical experiments on those inside said sphere. At times the only way moral struggle can be resolved is to abandon emotional feedback from your head and heart and commit to a particular course of action with whatever justification it needs to assuage the pangs of your guilt. Tell yourself what you need to, or believe whatever suits in the moment or for the duration – it’s a common trait of our work that allows us to very quickly adapt to changing environments and situations, akin to watching the patterns of weather to determine the best time to hang out the washing. But as misanthropic as I can be – as destructive as I feel toward human beings at times – we as sorcerers must always remember and keep in check the vices and natural inclination of the Ego – when utilized – to give itself superior airs and elevate itself to a delusional status. To do the impossible – it is necessary to employ our ego, that is what it does and what it is for – but we must never lose ourselves in its mists, never let It make personal decisions on a supra-personal endeavour and always be watchful for it to inflate and lead us to the fated trial of hubris. It is easy to become deaf to the slight tremors and faint vibrations of intuition that we pick up easily before the clamor of the ego takes over when we adopt and live any kind of form.
A course toward the stars must be flexible and adjusted accordingly to protect and serve collective interests over our own as a sorcerer – especially when it becomes personal. Any fool can coldly pretend to be something they are not, infiltrate some group or other by mimicking the right behaviour or simply follow its current as designed with authenticity until such time they feel they outgrow it and schism – that is power without remorse, will without Love. Any fool can camouflage their true intentions to exploit, use, mislead and manipulate unsuspecting compatriots for whatever reason for whatever end – and harden themselves to feel nothing for the collateral damage, the fall-out from betrayal and supply ample and soothing justification to allay their guilt. Corporations do it. Criminals do it. Lovers do it. Children do it. But the danger in being human is our ingrained conqueror ethos, a primal grasping reach built into us to climb ever higher or continually put our hand out for more once we reach that longed for peak or feel we’ve earned the right to do what we wish to do. In such temptation lies the greatest deceit – the better we get at magic the more dangerous our choices, the more gravity our whims, the more destructive our gaze. Synchronicity, the force that powers THEM, does not involve tattering lives or treating human beings as vessels into which we may pour our strange ingredients without regret. Evolution, the force that powers THEM, does not find new horizons by thoughtfully harming genuine connections made during a shape-shift – and it is of no benefit to accumulate spoils to yourself as some lowly black magician convinced of their unassailable right to take what they want. Whether it is status, reputation, renown for your deeds or misdeeds we must not forget that inside us, the very machinations we use to Be us, is both our friend and our enemy. Useful – to de-personalize people as human beings and feel, become, channel as some Alien Race separate from others in order to make it easier to enact the will – but still, always, an illusion. It is impossibly easy to get lost up our own ass and hurt others to make a point, a name for ourselves, a statement of power or to feel compelled to follow-through, deliver a promise or complete the mission at all costs. Precisely because it is easy we should avoid it – the path of least resistance, the path that gratifies the egos needs, desires and wants, the path that we feel completely justified in taking, should give us pause for sorcerous thought. For there is not merely synchronicity outside of us in the co-incidences and torrent of

attached miracles that direct us to our Wyrd through chance events – but there is most definitely an internal synchronicity too, an innate compass to act with impunity and of this we must be wary – this is wiring of the last human, it is not the blueprint of the First Human. Quintessentially – We must not become what we hate, what we fight, what we were – if we intend to invite and elicit change. Yes, it can be forced – but force is not evolution. Choice – is evolution. Free choice not just from available options – but the choice to add ones own. We cannot trick, cajole or deceive Change into taking place unless it is the gutteral low change of human cunning for temporal personal gain – we cannot implant, fool or otherwise persuade people to Change either. THEM – are contra to this – them are the Illuminated Loving under Will, so spake Crowley. In general humans only know one way to direct Change and that is the elimination of options – from restricting history to banning the internet to imprisoning dissenters to regimes. And what is most important – is to recognize that humanity already chose the Story it wanted. Religion is not a hostile takeover by an alien force – it was and is an inevitable reflection of the human race to venerate Gods that only becomes distorted when translated and controlled through other human agencies encumbered or enlightened. Before that interference the transmission Ioward (simultaneous inward/outward) is pure.

It was arranged numerous times for our sub-Narrative (Geas) to be released into the wild. It stands ready and honed awaiting the few clicks of a button to go to a dozen homes and rapidly multiply in number through dozens of points of sale. It would be extremely easy to drop that atomic bomb we have painstakingly built and satisfy our directive – fun too. But through association with any set of forms or forms within which a sorcerer works and emulates, mimics and shadows there comes over duration a gathering comprehension of the out-cost of exerting the will in a particular sphere to bend it – a calculation of the sacrifice and suffering necessary to be caused to apply enough force to make events coincide with the will. There comes a time for every shape-shifter reaching their penultimate goal of succeeding in their oft-herculean labour taking years of energy, action and patience – when the stars need only one more shift to perfectly align to suit their needs – when they must ask themselves – is what I am capable of doing and is what I am about to do, a dick-move?

What seemed so inevitable from the outset as a detached social planner to get in, set the charge and get out before blowing it all to hell is rapidly complicated (and should always be) by the onset of Love for those inside the sphere set to explode. My actions would potentially, if I had not shared them now, be able to change the narrative of the Old Story without anyone the wiser. I am an adept shape-shifter, you see only what I want you to see and my tendrils and reach yawn far and wide. But the legacy of oromancy and a new blueprint for magic built on honed attunement to the very voice of nature should not begin with robbing people of the choice, to choose their Story. It shouldn't begin with sabotaging their beloved empire, or subverting their harmless enjoyment for the gain of X. Ruthless as THEM are, and their envoys too, there are Rules. Of All the human beings on this planet engaging in an activity – it is with the Story-tellers and Story-followers that the utmost respect is due. The Game I have been playing, is over. On the verge, on the very brink of a holochrist – of "winning" – I must pull back and honour my genuine friendships, my friends – and revere the simple art of play and the right to choose the umbrella under which it takes place, as sacred. I must recognize – that despite all of the original effort and sacrifice I have made to build this form in this way for a particular purpose – that my goals have changed. Pre-occupation with the lofty achievements of the Supra-personal – of Aeonics – should never be mistaken as more authentic and worthwhile than the Personal, nor genuine friendships sacrificed to betrayal as ends justifying means. It seems that on the cusp of destruction, I have grown.

Geas will not be shadowed onto the night as a sneak-thief or trojan horse as originally designed but directly and openly tied to the Temple of THEM prior to slow public release so that the choice of another option is made freely with aforethought and organically. It should now be apparent that knowledge of the existence of the Temple is the match that lights the fuse. But though I have learned much and been gifted many numinous and tangible things in the process of constructing this ziggurat, (the release of my burden to act as divided agents with uncohered energy to name one) – it seems, building it was the lesson, using it, is not the will of THEM. THEY are different, New, and they have requested of me a much harder route and a New mission.

I accept.

I always do.

As has often been the case, it is not the destination that is of importance but the journey – and monumental changes have wrought a very different outcome from what was anticipated. What – have they in mind that I should need to undergo such fierce and relentless alchemy.

Conjunction III – Geas

FEBRUARY 25, 2020 BY ⊕⊕⊕

As I’ve maintained throughout my journey, I do not always understand the origin of my writing and consider a good deal of it automatic – violently pushing its way up to the surface after fermenting on various elements and angles only to erupt across the page in some new manuscript or thought process. And from a very early age, a prolific compulsion filling pages and pages and pages on some topic or hyper-concentrating on some project or other. A compulsion I consider magical – a magical compulsion, or a Geas. I was tasked to build something and I have built it – I don’t know what for unless it is the same as knowing only what it does – it changes things.

My views are complex – especially on subjects such as religion, because such things need many angles of reference to better understand the essence and intricacy of such forms; as do all forms, 361 degrees of analysis. The first attempt to simplify them into art was the Themonomicon. The second attempt to simplify them into a living story was Geas: Broken Gods.

I would classify some of my philosophical leanings misanthropic due to my allegiance with THEM, but what is left when you take away humans? Nature. Nature is left. As long as I can remember I have had an intimate relationship with it – never losing the wonder and awe it provides in a never-ending spectacle of alien determination and a ceaseless abundance of variety and depth that is impossibly daunting and the true face of the abyss. I have always too, been a world builder. When I examined the market of the RPG industry to get a holistic overview and identify a possible niche I landed, on maps. My first maps are no longer with me but were an attempt to map all of the Fighting Fantasy realms, a choose your own adventure book series that took place over 50 books and three separate major island continents. My second attempt, also no longer with me was 16 A3 pieces of paper with intricate black pen drawings of every single location across a huge variety of terrains. There must have been 1200 or more locations, a very patient time-consuming task that covered my entire bedroom wall in my house in Waitoki, NZ. My third map highlighted to me there was always some place depicted on maps where evil was hiding – some undiscovered or troubled land of corruption and darkness – especially potent in those areas. My fourth map was a landscape in coloured crayon. I made numerous mistakes and had to patch over them with paper and colour identical missing details (it was tao for me when I later discovered digital art and Layers). My fifth map was of a city and its streets and was to accompany a huge Heroquestian conversion I had made into the Skill and Stamina of Fighting Fantasy which featured over 485 separate characters in every detail and was part of my first written adventure in the RPG style called ‘Quest for the Dragonstones’. It would be ironic and funny to say that Dungeons & Dragons and its ilk actually were gateways to my incoming Satanic future but this was not the case. Human failing, an absence of strong male role models, hypocrisy and lies and social two-facery, confusing behaviours that caused unnecessary suffering and prayers to a God that failed to act were to launch my virulent crusade of enquiry. I also made numerous maps for Heroquest adventures up until the age of around 16 – when I then packed away all the lego, transformers, games and RPG and began exploring drugs, alcohol, head-banging and heavy metal. Parallel to this I consider the winning of a Commodore 64 computer at the age of 8 through a competition, instrumental in introducing me to game theory, game mechanics, programming, coding, boolean thinking, technology and the power of immersive worlds. I have a great love for games – I’ve played thousands and through them drawn a great deal of conscious and unconscious data about games. Paired with my studies of

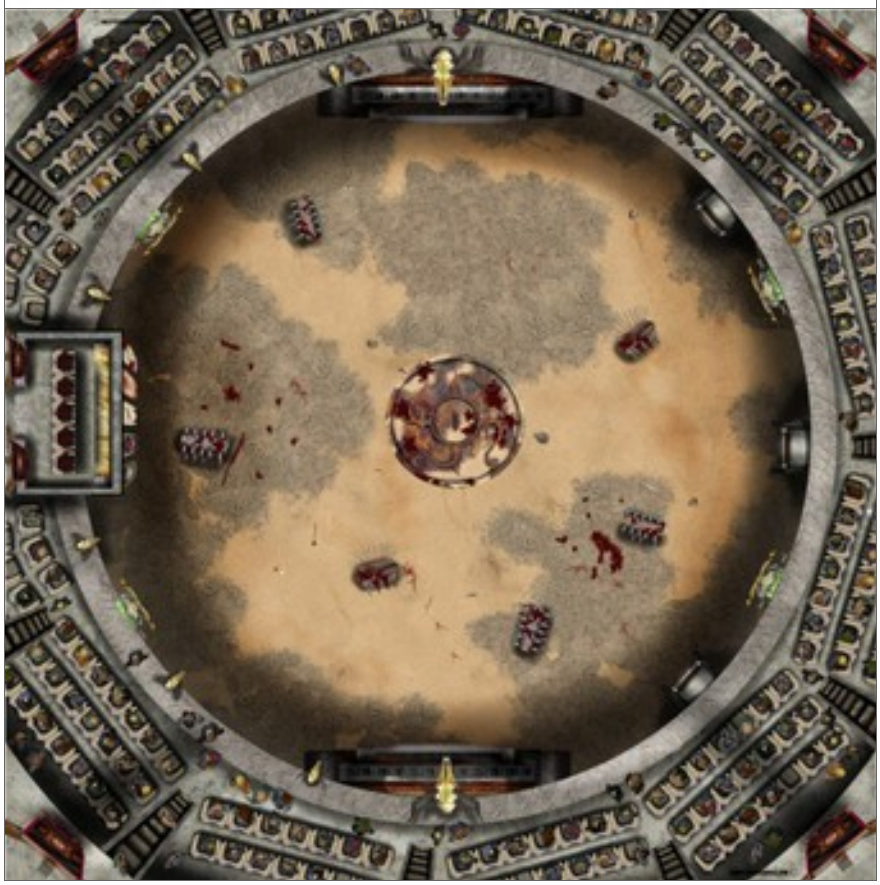
Dreams, Alchemy, Psychology, Ancient Cultures, Reading, Magic, Satanism and the Occult and many other subjects besides it was a powerful brew of endless creativity. I've also read thousands of books – I can't remember the last time I read one now – it must have been at least several years. All of this fomenting imaginative frenzy reared its head in later stages covered in the Diaries of a Devilworshipper, moving through the Order of Nine Angles, founding the Black Glyph Society, founding the Temple of THEM (all of which paradigms saw me create an exhausting array of digital and traditional art) and – most currently – creating thousands of highly-detailed, beautiful nature-heavy digital battlemats under the name of 'The Maphatter'. Similar to my 16 piece wall world, my unique 'Meander: Synchable Terrain' maps allow me to express my deep love for nature, and digital art to work and rework images until they meet my standards. It would take me too long to chart my equally bizarre and wondrous journey from 2015 to a present-day digital artist suffice to say I have changed things in the RPG industry too, examining their available forms and offering many unique and useful tools to enhance the enjoyment of those involved. Those that know me from that side of things can scarcely believe the amount of work I have done within it in just four years: setting numerous unofficial world records with 1200+ giant modular battlemaps, 46,000 dungeon tiles and creating an extremely powerful story-maker called 'Squareware' (originally a unique set of dice I had manufactured), thousands of tokens, my own unique gaming system for a new world beset with Temple concepts called Geas: Broken Gods and much, much more besides. Essentially I taught myself how to create every piece of a game, piece by piece. Onlookers often express puzzlement at how I can possibly create so much. They, til today, have no idea of my voluminous occult writing, interest or involvement. And my occult readers, no idea, til today of the comprehensive fantasy sphere I have built under the title Game Tile Warehouse in a very short amount of time. Mehr Seins Als Schein.

https://drive.google.com/open?id=1Wh1JFPO5nMtVE2Q1puHZOPvSVQ1HRTLK

When all is said and done – all of the wisdom, experience, knowledge I have amounts to nothing – what matters, what is the meaning of life to me, is the simple art of play. I am Life, Creator of Worlds. I have held these two worlds apart for a long time – but today Feb 25th 2020 they collide and all of the pseudonyms, roles, spheres, forms I have played and built merge in a grand

conjunction that is, me and my life’s work to create a new illuminati, a living book, a Themonomicon, of which H.P. Lovecraft would be proud.
https://www.gametilewarehouse2020.com/
Kris McDermott, Maphatter, Ryan Anschauung, Willet Rayne, et al.
this eventuation of our wild presence is not happenstance, luck or post-scripted chimery it was and is a deliberate, planned enforcement of the will of them.
Narrative Magic: Oromancy an Introduction (2013)

THE PERFECT STORM
Dragged to the black deep after your seaward vessel is smashed to splinters - your adventurers will discover one of the greater sinister secrets of Geas - and explore the underwater architecture of its lovecraftian denizens, unveiling a threat that could swallow the world and unleash the full might of the mysterious 'Poid'.



But THEY are not done yet...
The ziggurat rises ever higher...
Onward to 2036.

Lovecraft: THEY do Adore Thee

FEBRUARY 24, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

(Blurring) Ethics and Dark Shadows

FEBRUARY 24, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

RPG: An Impossible Game of Ethics and Dark Shadows.
(blurring the line between player and character successfully - some deeper darker thought.)

This article more or less wrote itself – you cannot spend 5 years in a new form without gaining some insights along the way. In it I will peel back a hidden layer that exposes what I believe are processes and forces that govern gaming – but of which most are oblivious which is why the same issues of gamers behaviour way back then – are still the same issues of gamers way forward now. It is my hope touching on the following topics may take the discussion about behaviour to an evolved plateau by touching on the source than repeating the same rhetoric on the matter, 50 years from now – and that it will bring a more constructive element to the subject that can trigger better commentary than I have. Well let's begin.

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In RPG, you are asked to take on a role that is different, sometimes even at odds, with your real-life persona. You are given a huge array of props and suggestions on how to play your character effectively, convincingly, and often exhaustively. General advice such as Alignment type offers a chunky sense of what direction your moral compass faces and therefore what you are likely to do as that character in given situations.

More refined details such as your Ideals or your Fears or even your HP Level – besides the most obvious class, background and level give you even further devices by which to come up with and take on the character you have chosen or been assigned to play.
When you do this kind of activity- you are activating a very old, very powerful combination of unconscious and conscious energies that evoke ‘sleeping’ or ‘dormant’ personalities that are inside you that psychologist Jung termed ‘Archeypes’. Now – this brief article does not discuss the technical theory of archetypes or their myriad effect on telling stories – it is enough to say that when you evoke these dormant personalities and more or less shoulder your ‘actual’ personality out of the way – some unexpected things can happen (which is the source of the hugely varied types of player that emerge in RPG) – but more importantly, it can become so consuming channeling these entire entities complete with accent, mannerisms, code of conduct, and so on that can be so different and yet still so real – that players, risk losing themselves in the character so deeply – they forget to retain the fact they are in a co-operative game, they get caught up in living that character so fiercely that it can be detrimental to the story as a whole – and other players experiences too. What is essentially a combination of method acting, where you imitate a particular sense of a personality to become it – and psychodrama where you evoke and then act out archetypes you don’t often even know you have – is a very powerful mix. If it were not – the all-powerful story that has survived with us since antiquity would not be at the heart of virtually every human experience in so many forms – from books to video games, theatre to dancing, ceremony to ritual. DM’s should be mindful of this – as for many people gaming opens up the vaults and allows them to explore particular facets of their personality.
For some – this is the Only time, these vaults are allowed to be opened, much less explored, and it is a notable fact that DM’s can and do categorize players into a rough selection of types (their own comprehension of archeypes drives who goes into which category and what the categories are) because of the tendency for some players to hyper-focus on playing out particular aspects. I don’t refer here to general table or VTT etiquettes such as players that talk over others, or don’t check their mic volume – but particular playing styles – whether it be a notable interest in meticulous accounting, arguing on rulings, pride in knowing the system to the letter (and never missing an opportunity to show it), playing an alignment to the ‘detriment of the game’, repeating an action that has the same result such as searching every item, and as many other idiosyncrasies that highlight WHY that person plays the game and enjoys it – as there are stars in the sky.
What is innocuously titled ‘Game’ can in fact for many many people be much much more. Firstly, opening the pandoras box to the unconscious and awakening archetypes is an extremely personal and powerful act. It’s often underestimated – because RPG is considered a game, and somehow, different from a story – only in D&D, you don’t read about the character, you are supposed to become the character. In fact – D&D presents most players with a difficult if not paradoxical (impossible) dilemma that is personal and supra-personal – involving some very dark, very deep parts of our psyche.
Here is the dilemma – In essence, the player is asked to become, as convincingly as they can, a character in the game of D&D. They are given lots of props to ‘flesh’ that character out and make it so real – it becomes a play or theatre act and much more than a board game. At the SAME time, the player’s convincing portrayal of that character – is almost always at odds with the very system of D&D and the structure of D&D game concept of a linear, controlled-chaotic, well-paced fireside tale that unfolds according to the DM – with – some involvement from the players – but ultimately, the DM. The paradoxical aspect enters into the game when – asked to give as realist and authentic a portrayal of a fantasy character as possible – you are also restricted heavily (yes, heavily) by the very way narrative is delivered, and the essence of success in D&D relying on co-operation. To play, no, evoke, a genuine autonomous being from within yourself that you did not know existed – is to essentially pull up a being with its own chaotic reality and as well as know – human beings are very chaotic beings, and so to are our archetypal manifestations conjured up as ‘imagination’. But then you are required to play within a very sure, very firm set of laws that give the ‘game’ its very structure, that ensure this or that person has an equal turn, that its imperative players work together to achieve a goal, and that they then, having evoked this autonomous being – try to put reins on it to ‘fit’ the game structure. This is just the start of the trouble. The nature of D&D’s game structure invites these unconscious beings up from the depths of players psyche – but then expects them to conform to a conscious way of doing things in order to ‘play the game’.
What happens when you evoke an archetype? Well – you can change how an entire generation views itself, you can move streets of people to tears, you can keep an army of killers discplined and make them go to their deaths – using symbols and associations with archetypes that we honour or fear – mankind has done great and terrible things by evoking these energies. They should not be taken too lightly.
There are endless, but mentioned here, two important, relevant ways archetypes cause intense confusion and for the ‘game’ to break down. Wherein I have already established the ‘game’ as an attempt to pace with controlled measure, a linear unfolding of events as particularly specified times, in specified ways, with specified rules in a conscious manner. I believe that considering the

theory I put forth, here both for DM's and Players provokes contemplation of our respective roles on a far profounder level than is usually tapped – which is perhaps why the same issues keep arising generation after generation. It is not just – table manners or conscious control we are dealing with here.
The first way is the confusion caused by the unconscious energy evoked into being – being misunderstood as an entirely conscious one or a harmless 'imitation' that someone is controlling. The game asks for as much authenticity as they can muster into their character – but some characters are at dire odds with the game itself because of this unconscious/conscious clash. We suppress unconscious archetypes because they do not form part of our personality – Jung said that it was the things we hid that made us who we were – but they were still in there, and could easily be awoken. This, is known ALL too well to marketers and corporations that lean on our psychic weaknesses to make us behave in certain ways – everyone from school to gov to armies to your mum – knows some of these. The important thing though, is that we do know we have psychic weaknesses (exploits) – all of us, some shared, some unique. sex sells because it exploits the still active primal cortex and the inescapably addictive natural brain drugs of dopamine and serotonin. So the power of the unconscious is undeniable – its also often forgotten and underestimated.
The second way in which confusion us caused is the relative lack of experience we as humans have with a lot of our darker more insidious archetypes – especially playing 'evil' characters – which ironically, have a long list of 'how to be evil properly' attached to them – when in all reality, evil is just banal and bland and causeless most of the time. It's not clever or premeditated or follows rules – its simply an act someone performs that contravenes the social contract to behave a certain way in society. But its gets more complicated because we have to interpret a lot of very vague and tenuous concepts correctly – which in most cases means according to Game Standardization. There are so many hidden layers here that it gets very tricky very quickly. I'm going to have to invent names for these different phenomena cause it's about to get crazy. Watch.
Alignment, as an example – is a personal moral code in D&D. An inward moral compass. There are no outwardly visible signs of this code to other characters or shouldn't be. So for all intents and purposes, I am what I appear to be until such time I no longer appear to be that or the illusion they had of me is broken. The illusion they have of me in the first place – is an archetype, a mental moral projection of what I am to them – not necessarily what I am. Hence the importance and risk placed on 'first impressions'. OK, so far so good – my alignment is Chaotic Evil.
First problem. This one is system related. If my character is chaotic evil – that should not become apparent until it's too late – or at any moment of my choosing when I act – but until then and even then – that title of 'Chaotic Evil' is ambiguous already. Therefore revealing Alignment to other players presents the very early and very damning risk of often unconscious player meta-gaming based on this alone as humans are affected by archetypes and perceived archetypes.
Second problem – where is the truth? If my character performs an evil action – Is that title of an 'evil' action defined by how other characters perceive my character and the actions performed, or is that title how my character perceives themselves? Is a righteous man who thinks he is acting in the best interests, or for the good of some, and does terrible things – good or evil? Are my acts good or bad?
THIS is a moral dilemma for each to decide based on their own understanding of these archetypes – there is no right answer, but sometimes there is a consensus accepted answer – which is largely how society functions without tearing itself apart.
So there are two rather tricky problems, alignment being pre-judged when it cannot be determined as there are no outward signs – AND – the weight of defining morals. To play D&D, to participate in D&D, We each have to ask ourselves must actions be defined as evil by both the one doing and the one condemning them? And where the truth lies changes from person to person as these points of view, are often at complete opposite ends of the spectrum depending on whether you are the performer or the observer of an action. Who then – adjudicates the truth of the moral compass? Ethicists have filled books for thousands of years on these prickly problems – but D&D does not advise players on either the therapy or the damage that can be wrought by calling these sleeping giants up.
This brings up the third issue – the players psychic dilemma. To play a convincing character but also play within certain rules and laws is always going to be a struggle because of where these respective energies come from. The unconscious archetypal energy from which we draw on to 'become' another 'I' comes from the deep subliminal unconscious recesses of repressed parts of our psyche – whilst the game format of D&D comes from the conscious structured, ordered, mathematical, logical part of our psyche. You are as a DM, essentially, telling the Devil to sit down at a table angels and play nice. This is not an undue overstatement – we get archetypes such as the devil or angels from observations and experiences stemming from human behaviour. Jung claimed we project something onto someone we think is evil just as we project something onto someone we think is good. If you think to yourself while reading this – well its really not that bad, he's being rather dramatic – I would say to you, that what you are essentially appraising when you think about your experiences as a DM – is the extent to which people CAN manage to pull up these

archetypes and control them in a manner that is pleasing and orderly to play D&D. It is a struggle for some more than others but we train daily to repress those dark aspects and suggestions that arise so that we don't just suddenly kill or act uncivily. It's why we need to 'vent' when we hold that stress in – to slowly release the valve, usually through drink, or relaxation or talking to a trusted one or even a stranger about what is troubling us, angered us, upset us and to usually, explain the course justice should have taken in our perspective to prevent us feeling the way we do. We weave combinations of stories our way to heal ourselves or hurt others.

But when you evoke archetypes with which you (usually) have no real world experience (i.e. an assassin or a killer) – Or – you evoke archetypes with which you have strong associations – or you evoke archetypes you didn't even know were there – you are opening a strange new world and often with unforeseen consequences even by the player who has no idea what opening the very reasonably named 'pandoras box' will bring with it. So this literal psychic evocation aside – the player must now make a difficult and impossible choice: Do they play an Authentic Archetype – do they play their character convincingly – or do they play the game of D&D co-operatively which is by its very nature, incompleteable in large parts, without a specific mix of characters working together pooling their varied strengths. Does a Player fully take on the autonomous energy of the new being they are 'pretending'* to be – or do they limit the energy of that being in order to fit the structured game with its Artificial moral restrictions, rules and laws, that primal energies have no need or time for.

And we have grown accustomed to calling it pretense because many of us don't realize what we are dealing with on many fronts is very real, and even fatal – many psychologists know the danger of tampering with these forces, of memory, archetype, primal fear, repression and many other 'demons'. – and to great extent we do it with ourselves every hour of every day to stay, who we are.

Straight away they are asked to call something out of them that they do not know and often have no experience with – and often times can not control. Then they must decide where the truth of the moral compass lays – who defines an evil act or a good man from a bad one when both must by necessity be killers in D&D? Does killing for love, or the right cause, or because you were tasked to, or because it might save another, or Any other reason – exonerate a player from performing the same act they abhor? Just choosing to label it something else? Or seek to justify it? Evil – is merely one example there are endless others, but it is often the easiest to grasp as it is a value with a lot of substance and depth.

So what do we have so far? Essentially – The player has to divorce themselves from their 'I' – their own comfortable seat of who they are, to draw up a fully completed archeype that may or not be familiar in away way and comes from an extraordinarily powerful place we often leave the hell alone – they must define their moral compass (and be sure of it in the first place) – after pulling up these wild energies, sit nicely at the table with it and then try to struggle with the impossible task of simultaneously playing an autonomous character with its own life and make it do only what it is allowed to do within the -arguably free – sandbox the DM builds – but – with hidden walls that we do not even Know exist until such archetypes bump up against them and then cause a particular behaviour of that archetype to be sanctioned and controlled further.. And this is not even the tricky part. Many Other players are ALSO doing just this. Some with better control than others – which is why you often see people play one or two particular characters or character types over and over, because they resonate with and are familiar with, those archetypes. But when all of these wild energies hit the table at once – it can get psychically crazy which translates to external and conscious crazy – or better said and less dramatic – internal struggle that is resolved with externalized conflict.

Now – when you consider that these actions and processes are rarely even conscious given that they stem from unconscious sources you add another layer to this very messy cake. On top of that, a person also struggles consciously to resolve conscious ethics and actions based on what they Are conscious of and are deciding between. This battle is less strenuous because its far more familiar but every decision involves it – and when playing an archetype – you suddenly have two battles of ethics going on, which is actually four – as the player and the 'character' must both make their own decisions as to how to resolve conflict generated by the game.

If the two sources of comprehension, conscious and unconscious are at opposite ends of a scale – and we place the decision to move the slider all the way up to Character Authenticity – or the slider all the way down to Game Standardization we are choosing between two extremes. But – the nature of these forces is that we can rarely achieve this balance, as both forces actively combat the other.

Beyond even – all of this – there are additional processes at work. Social forces and superficial understanding of the beasts we prod and poke.

Due to channeling what is essentially the repressed aspect of themselves and if done in such a way that the player actually moves their 'I' over and consciously (or unconsciously – [possession]) 'becomes' this other aspect or collection of their psychic aspects – in addition to unpredictable behaviour and disruption due to psychic forces and moral struggle – players can even forget they

are in a game – which is why the fear of the situation not going their way can evoke some terrific displays of raw response and a whole gamut of human reactions – we might put in the ‘sore loser’ basket, but run much deeper than this unsympathetic term would suggest – as its not merely a ‘tribal’ defeat that causes such anguish. This forgetting has two notable side-effects. Firstly it causes some to cheat or fix the game at any cost to win – why? If the theory of archetypes holds true – then the corresponding answer is that these energies have lives of their own, they are another ‘us’ made of raw primal unconscious and carefully managed conscious to hold it in place while we ride it. Therefore it is devastating for that archetype to cease to exist – (they die in the game) – or in less extreme cases, experience internal disturbance by being prevented from acting in the way native to that archetype – which is at best, unpredictable.

Secondly – society has a lot of very easy ways to categorize things that don’t actually ever take into account these far more powerful forces we are constantly bringing up and asking others to bring up as DM’s. It can seem like play – but for many it’s really not. It’s something else entirely. It’s a chance to let something off the leash they keep bottled. So the game itself – all games perhaps, as conscious tools – invite struggle – to resist the easiest course of action to win and the most acceptable. But RPG in particular opens the door to all kinds of demons – the ‘Satanic Panic’ was not even close to examining these kinds of issues, choosing superficial reactive understanding and blaming suicides on devil worship, tv, comics, and anything else that seemed remotely different and frightening to the hysterical, like cavemen hitting the reflection of the sun in a puddle – often times religion or politics clouds the very forces they – and this game – rely on – and belittle and often ridicule as scaremongering, or stupidity, or attributable to music, or movies. All of which – all of which – every form of media inc. every religious text or icon, every flag and speech – from the unconscious made conscious as story.

But it gets even trickier – and unfortunately, nastier. And this is evident in the amount of playing styles, weird behaviour, dominating – and that’s a key word – behaviour that is very insistent – causes you to wonder what is going through that players head…. just as the players may wonder the same, for the DM is not immune to any of this – far from it they are both the cause of it for making the request, they too have the struggle, and because they too summon an even larger array of archetypes into which strangers archetypes are mixed. The amount of processes going on is so complex – and however, mostly only conscious, that projections often get confused. Many players attempting to pull up or play with archetypes inside themselves are often overwhelmed by them. But Players playing with Players are often overwhelmed by these forces that spill out of control without them even knowing it.

The raw power of archetypal energy, the sauron-like eye of the ego that is ever-watchful to correct things that don’t meet its standards, and the difficulty for human beings to over-ride their survival instincts to identify and categorize data (and people) and an inability to rationally analyse what they are not conscious of leads many players to turn on players because of something the character has done. Now this – is madness at its finest. Defended to the last – in light of what I have said – it is clean and simple, madness. The normal madness of humans we tend to overlook or scrutinize as it suits – but madness nonetheless.

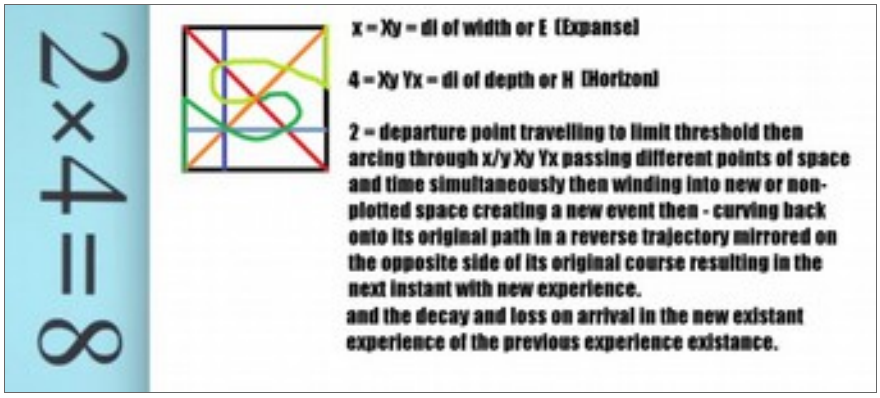
From a Players perspective that HAS managed to evoke an archetype without losing control of it, resolve the definition of the moral compass, and impersonate a whole new part of themselves in the game – psychically, i.e, perceptually, to themselves they are the player AND the character . Or said another way, they are John playing Vermithrax the Wizard. From their psychic standpoint they had to make a division and let two personas in and they are aware of this acutely. BUT – human beings are very forgetful or not even conscious of their own processes – whereby they must do this too. HOWEVER – While they are two things or two parts of one process (lets just assume conscious control for a moment) – from the other Players points of view, from the Observer – John is ONE being. They cannot see, and selectively appreciate when John is being John, and when John is being Vermithrax. It doesn’t cross their mind that on occasion Vermithrax can be John – but more importantly, they forget that the player is performing a mental feat of psychic gymnastics and focus generally on One Apex point that is John – usually across the table, his body, sometimes, his figurine, most times, his voice or his user presence whether its a tab or a button – WHEN John does something that the other players don’t like they bundle every form of his presence up – his figurine, his actions, his presence, his voice, his IP, into on very compact bundle in a very specific location they call JOHN. And that is when things become literally ‘personal’. This means, wild archetypes at play, have the potential to cause great harm to the actual person of John when transference and projection of his characters actions – become directly attributed to him – because my observation is that humans certainly all of those I’ve met and therefore by extension, likely every RPG player – only plays D&D with a perspective that it is purely a conscious game and therefore John is deliberately doing X.

And this poor understanding of just some of the true forces this game invites causes almost all of the conflict it generates between players, between DM’s, between innate parts of ourselves in the playground we flippantly call ‘just a game’. D&D has the propensity to save, to heal, to help as much as it does to hinder, to harm or even kill – it is a tool, no less a ouija board that does call very

real demons – more so for some than others, it certainly calls up many questions as to the quintessential nature of what we are doing and why, when we tell stories and as DM's, as users of a game that is now 60 or so years old – we should have a more advanced knowledge of what we are actually doing when we sit down and RP – we should as DM's be aware of the responsibility but also – and more importantly, the irresponsibility. Most human action can be slotted into an avoidance of pain or the seeking of pleasure. We are all trying to complete ourselves – we are all at various stages on a spiral of evolution personal to us and inseparable from the collective. This is not new age platitudes – RPG is sorcery, the oldest kind, where men used to don masks and become their gods in the moonlight sorcery. The only thing that has changed – is the form in which we wear the masks and the ceremonial floor – which is now a simulated landscape or building interior governed by abstract laws.
But those dangerous, unstable, primal forces are nothing less strong – or not even far more neurotic when handled badly or without some form of wisdom as to what sorcery one is actually doing. With a more diverse approach to gaming that highlights these forces and processes, its my hope that they can be more safely discovered, more patiently understood – and that DM's will appreciate what they are demanding of their players – and why their players might not be able to deliver it as expected. Perhaps this will lead to less conflict – more play – more harmony – and better discussions on these esoteric forces that may, or may not exist for you by the names I call them – but exhibit themselves every day, every where in every human sphere in a similar fashion and dominate the games we play and the things we do.
What I do is merely a game within a game within a game within. It's the consequences that are real.

All Dimensional Space

FEBRUARY 24, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕


2×4=8
x = Xy = di of width or E (Expanse)
4 = Xy Yx = di of depth or H (Horizon)
2 = departure point travelling to limit threshold then arcing through x/y Xy Yx passing different points of space and time simultaneously then winding into new or non-plotted space creating a new event then - curving back onto its original path in a reverse trajectory mirrored on the opposite side of its original course resulting in the next instant with new experience.
and the decay and loss on arrival in the new existant experience of the previous experience existance.

A Second Satanic Panic (2020)

FEBRUARY 24, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

So to begin… again.
What does it mean to change what should be rightly called the 'Old World Story'? Of, as we have said previously, the Hero – the Redeemer and the endless knot that keeps archetypal energies (and results) in a fixed stasis?
What does it take?
Embedded in the imagery and devices we crafted are countless subtle and overt references, symbols, processes and phrases of the temple including an escalating presence of the Thrasz, subtly seeding the subconscious with familiarity and later acceptance of mysterious and or escalating appearance and association of chained principles that may in the Present, present as mere

characteristic artistic eccentricity. Some following statements here will be cryptic without the missing pieces – that's deliberate.
There are several unveiled statements in the secondary imagery: openly depicting a burned/burning church, the thrasz desecrating a cathedral – and the world lore of the greater device we have crafted by way of an entirely new game built to depict a sorcerers worldview. This game has for its back-story the essence of Insynsian, relating the excesses of monotheism and subsequently a mechanic responsible for taking away some of the industries most favoured elements and whose agency forms the game worlds past wherein the blame falls squarely on abrahamic forces. There are many more elements in an intricate weave besides but our symbolism coupled with our narrative eventually joined forces within the form.
What we are doing is riding several popular waves of technology and entertainment-based psychodrama and introducing new archetypes, new behaviours of those archetypes, new energies and supplying an entirely different narrative in an attempt to influence users and create a new living story to compete with the dominance of the OWS. A working example of Directive-A16 in practice is itself a valuable by-product but our intention is to deliver our current en masse to the mainstream and to those most actively capable of distributing our work in a living psychodrama. When this secondary narrative is eventually coupled with actual knowledge of the occult corpus of the Temple of THEM reality and fantasy will drastically trade places as two spheres carefully nurtured in isolation and never meant to touch are brought together. Occultists learn about the fantasy aspect of our form – while gamers learn about the Reality aspects of our form.
Even if now recognized, it would be difficult to dislodge these shards which have been embedded deeply in the industry psyche. Primarily due to the event of the 'Satanic Panic' of the 1980's that saw all manner of accusations leveled at entertainment industries for allegedly possessing secret intention to indoctrinate listeners or users with messages from the devil. Wherein such accusations are now laughed at and seen as a time the world went a bit mad, this is 1980 for fuck sake, a shade shy of 2000 years, TWO THOUSAND YEARS after christianity rose to power. How – can humanity be so cripplingly slow to learn from the past or evolve beyond its suppression and the gravity of judeo yolks? Only by the extent of the mental damage evident. I digress. Such accusations of messages would find pressed against it – for one – its own embarrassing previous hysteria as people would scarcely believe such claims a second time. What unassailable proof?
Moreover, these shards have already gone to their new homes – influencing the subconscious of hundreds of thousands of people over the course of five intense years. Directive-A16 is in full force here, A) subjugating and subverting a primarily Christian-based and abrahamic-derived corporate vehicle that is the largest in the world B) sprawling across a large number of outlets and networks including pirated catalogues and collections seeding these tendrils further every day C) repeated by the worlds largest set of story-tellers themselves, who may be changing their narrative to represent the devices presented and sharing the world we created, where even the smallest divergence from the OWS is a ripple against a narrative withstanding aeons – telling and selling a new story with a new moral code and breaking down existing power-types by doing so D) seeding the messages of Them far and wide to outlast us – in an audacious experiment of oromancy E) making a subtle and increasingly overt connection between the devices, imagery and the prime mover, this temple so

that the two forces eventually touch, merge and become inseparable. With five years head start – we now have enough breathing room and the maturation of the form so as to speak about the new form THEM has been implementing. What then – when the two forms finally fuse and it becomes apparent that the imagery of the secondary form does indeed contain ‘satanic’ references, ethos and keywords, messages and influence of a real occult organization and refers back to the temple and its vast body of alchemical work? What then of the gamers who know only of my secondary forms (WTG), or of the occultists who know only of my primary forms (THEM) – such volatility is hard to predict in a unique experiment that may – when it reaches its full alchemical maturity – re-instigate a second satanic panic – or – simply silently brood, seeping into the minds and hearts of those whom the forms encounter – or – …

In a recently released adventure, Christian apologists in the corporation make special mention about the fantasy aspects of devils and demons and reiterate that ‘evil should have its ass kicked’ – mixing religion with game morality and again reinforcing a dichotomic zeitgeist.

It is useful to know that D&D grew from Christian roots and is therefore saturated with praise for the prehistoric ego with a blind lust to kill and an enervating morality that sees the ethos of the Inquisition, or Knights Crusaders, or Salem Witch-hunters enshrined in ‘Heroes’ whose deeds of murder and immorality are almost always deemed just, rarely punished by the game – and in every way, sanctioned within the fantasy genre as part of doing business. Coupled with all manner of humano-centric archetypes, including the Cleric, Priest, Paladin who repel the Undead, necromancers and any monsters that happen to get in the way – the overall narrative of D&D is the muscular colonizing christian prosetylization seeking to tame primitive savages and accumulate spoils which through RPG posits a simulacrum of bravely fighting evil where-ever it may go – which in itself is the core problematic corruption driving the World Story of humanity by reinforcing these damaging beliefs of egoic superiority, moral righteousness and tribal brutality (Only when the game contains a certain number and type of characters will the players make any progress – it is designed that way to promote co-operation.) – training and re-training in the bearing of abrahamic thought and action. These shortcomings aside it is a robust vehicle that inadvertently allows exploration of psychodrama and illuminates the sheer power of story where what is ‘just a game’ can often become much more than a game provoking all manner of unexpected and hidden psychology. This freedom to express themselves as another being (also themselves) may have a healing and therapeutic effect for many players, inviting greater steps to individuation as Jung called it, and in exploring repressed and latent archetypes and persona’s inherent within the subconscious to gradually build a more rounded personality – at least in theory. The repetition of behaviour such as ego-enshrinement, hero archetype and conqueror ethos generally undermines any qualities such heuristic exploration might impart as the system continually repeats and reinforces its underlying mantras and the odd demonization of evil. Under other names I have written at length about the psychodrama involved within RPG which more often than not accidentally touches on the same sinister aspects that Theatre deeply involves itself and deliberately evokes with serious consequences – but even that level of expertise cannot handle the danger of opening pandora’s box and letting the subconscious off its primal leash – what hope do the games industry who see it all as harmless entertainment have? This same narrative is in books, movies and tv shows, endlessly repeated ad nauseum.

The ziggurat containing our various mechanisms designed to fall one after the other like a chain of domino's has been built and populated, all that is required now is to carelessly drop the map to it. Herein though comes a few poignant questions taken from different vantages.

The Question of Vindication: – if the Temple of THEM actually legitimizes the unsubstantiated christian paranoia of the 80's (ad infinitum) does this weaken or strengthen their matrix? If there are in fact, 'satanic' messages, symbols, and/or a direct attempt to undermine and disrupt their forms – and this current can be tied to the temple which operates in the free sphere of Saturn treating forms as social engineering – something to coldly dissect all devoid of emotional loading and which temple exhibits open and (escalating) hostility toward Christianity and Abrahamism – what then? What can we expect? A shut down of all the secondary forms by its distributors? A boycott of secondary forms by informed users? Can you shut down a game within a game within a game? Could it involve making an example short-term but whose long-term effect is to incite others to greater creativity and deeper penetration into forms with the relentless sorcery displayed here? Could it be the tipping point for a whole new wave of directed attacks against the Hydra in ways it has no protection against?

Advocate Vantages:

A) The introduction of our narrative may serve only to vindicate the christian's fear of being subverted by satanic forces via the temples actions bringing the prophecy to life.

– Yes, probably.

B) Hypocrisy – viz. mimicking a crusade to rout out and vanquish the 'evil of the christians' in effect copies the christian's numerous crusades against perceived enemies whether, women, witches, blacks, communists, terrorists or satanists.

– Yes, probably.

C) Defenders rush to protect the carrier forms accusing the temple and its agents of attempting to destroy a platform with which form lies powerful sentiment through beloved entertainment subsequently exposing the temples work en masses to a litany of ridicule, speculation, dissection, litigation.

– Yes, probably.

D) The rich and prolific private fantasy of one insane individual

– Yes, probably.

E) A calculated attempt to use a collection of specific forms to implement the will of the Temple to change the way some humans think and therefore, act.

– Yes, probably.

F) A game within a game within a game.

– Yes, probably.

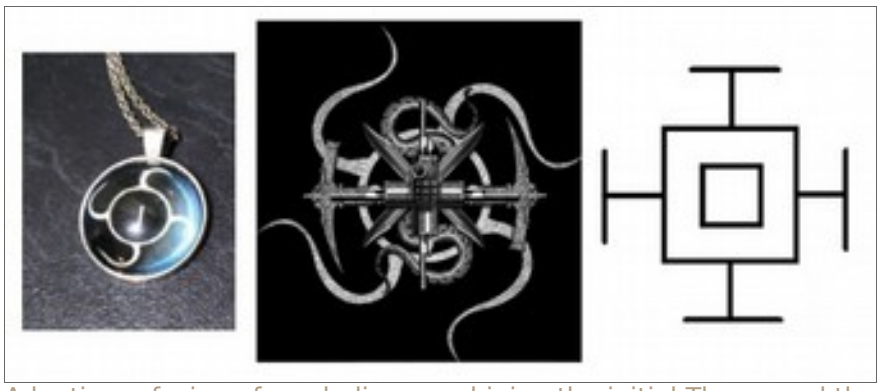
– Essentially sorcerer – It doesn't 'matter' what is happening here, it doesn't matter how its explained or who notices or how it might be later understood or painted if it can even be understood – this isn't logic, **it's magic. Its the implementation of the will and the changing of events, persons and forms on a larger scale in directed shape, shapes or geometry. The suspension of logic and the spiral of madness to bypass obstacles.**

Is it possible that amid the volatile aftermath of this experiment – exposure of this method has the effect of seeding the concept/drive of Directive-A16 as a far larger widespread practice to infiltrate and subjugate corporate and core forms? Subjugate and subvert are of course loaded words – we are offering

competing archetypes in a playing field where the same archetype has been dominant for an eternity – and we believe – has and is causing a great distortion in the capacity of humanity to evolve. We are offended spiritually by the lack of alternatives – this is a Mind War. The extent of our efforts to produce a legion of opposing forces will be recognized, when recognized – as titanic in proportion.
The temple is not stereo-typically ‘satanic’ – and does not propound satanism, but certainly an anti-abrahamic vitriol. It is alien and lovecraftian, sinister and illuminati seeking to control and change the Apex narrative of judeo-christian sentiment toward some ‘Other’ – toward THEM, toward plurality. But in the end perhaps my life’s work so far is a tragic-comic waste of decades, amounting simply to death-wishian chaos-magic and self-destruction – the equivalent of dropping a loaded grenade down a well just to hear the bang but not throwing it far enough and blowing myself to pieces in the process. Time will tell. I for one – for THEM – have been separated into pieces and kept pieces separate from one another long enough.
In the near future, Conjunction III.

Conjunction – II (Thrasz Squared)

FEBRUARY 24, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕



Adopting a fusion of symbolism combining the initial Thrasz and the key element of some other form is a characteristic use of THEM's notorious icon. In traditional magical terms, it is ancient Sympathetic magic (a superstitious imposition of extraction of inherent quality from a known utterance, phrase or image that marks the origin of many major known brands such as the car manufacturer Mazda who use the ancient power form of the Persian God Ahura Mazda, to strengthen their company through association).

In Viral terms it is a 'parasitic' infecting its host by latching onto it and subverting its power core, the effect the image has on us when we see it by bilaterally mentally and spiritually dividing the original essence with the new adhesion and approximating a wordless new meaning from the fusion. The adoption and absorption of 'memes' by popular culture is an interesting by-product of technology, abstract narration and pithy humour that in many cases entirely supplants the means of reply from traditional conversation – the golden rule of sociological study that there is no real or genuine communication is suspended as creators of memes often believe their collaboration immediately accessible and understood as they themselves understand it, heaping reactionary visualizations upon themselves until no-one can add one more as no-one any longer grasps the context of the pile. (A subject for another time).

In Narrative magical terms it is the initial 'Seed' of an alchemical harvest borrowing from both of the above and slowly evolving and escalating from a humble seed into its fully-fledged form over the course of several years through accelerated growth, forms a second experiment of the Galactic Organic in practice.

Mimicking both an abstract depiction of a microchip to emulate the booming industry of technology, the square of a game-board and a cubic form of our beloved Aurekanequeo – this seed symbol (Thrasz.Sq) was imprinted in plain sight and appears in thousands and thousands and thousands of places, heavily spread within products since 2015 by various companies and free distribution and used daily as props to actively weave adventures by tens of thousands of Storytellers the globe over. It contains within it the hint of our existence and the essence of our narrative as the Temple of THEM. Alone however, it should act as an abstract, meaningless glyph, amounting to a signature or stamp or icon that might carry the name of its creator or brand, but in this case it is an alien with no attached meanings. It might elicit a brief curiosity but with no chained-sequence, no alchemical reaction to follow yet from added elements, it was inert, a sleeper – waiting.

As this new hybrid fusion began to fulfil its other objectives – we ‘woke it up’ and began to round the Thrasz – reverting it to its original shape to strengthen our servitor with less abstraction and more of its inherent potency and build a greater but still – indirect – connection to the Temple of THEM. None of this work could be indicated, shared or revealed until now.

Carving an extremely successful niche within the industry took relentless work, training in new and difficult skills not held before and endless. demonic perseverance. The Thrasz + key elements of the Temple including alchemical names of our core tenets, processes, energies, titles of important works have been shared in a variety of ways in a huge variety of works from random story generators to free and paid products. Kept not, in a closed dead tome on some enthusiastic occultists bookshelf – but whispered daily on the lips of thousands to tens of thousands as living thriving tendrils with sentient embodiment inside stories and adventures to a backdrop of our essence on all manner of media from at the table to live on stream. As our foothold solidified so did the intensity of our presence and the types and number of our forms – the Naos Deck has been re-employed as a philosophical extension of our current in another format, as a new kind of tarot using ‘Themerian’ script from the Themonomicon and an entirely new and comprehensive ‘Game’ has been devised to make our entire current, “playable”.

All of this formed stage I of III key stages. Before we can discuss stage II – we need to briefly diverge into another topic – The Satanic Panic of the 80’s…

Conjunction – I

FEBRUARY 19, 2020 BY ⊕⊕⊕

If the name of the game is aeonic change, long-lasting change, then it was my understanding developed over a significant amount of time, many trials and many attempted alchemical experiments with various forms – that key to such change was the introduction of a new core narrative introducing new archetypes to break the continued repetition in media of the Redeemer. Though my forms had various successes, sometimes unexpected results and many times the expected ones they did not satisfy my criteria. The Asov was not sustainable and incapable of living longer than the time to demystify the occult for a few, the Themonomicon was a work of art but without a sufficient audience, and the literature even as a prolific torrent forms only the antidote to the problem – the appropriate matter and manner of delivery eluded me. As was pointed out and

became increasingly apparent over the years I was a sinister battery. I found collectivism a noble, oft-desired but ultimately doomed prospect and while satanism contained those of the right philosophy, open to change, defiant to the last, draconic and demonic – it did not contain those of the right spirit. Over the course of decades now I've had a small seat at the table of time and have watched a great tangle of occult groups rise and fall, heaving leviathans roused from the slumber toward ambition to take a name and adopt a form only to collapse back into the watery depths leaving just more foam in their wake. So to have my own servitors and living forms come and gone but the great story of the Redeemer resists our sorcerous charms and thrall remains king. All of the forms I had attempted in the past to instigate fell apart without my direct presence – of which there is ample evidence in the Temples myriad notes. If the Story remains the same – so do human beings. So logic dictates (and perhaps a little insanity) that one must introduce a competing Story to give human beings a new narrative. A new way to think, a new way to see, a new way to solve, a new way to be.

Halfway through the Themonomicon it occurred to me that it was the wrong form. That dry dusty inanimate automatons would read it and nothing would come of it. I recognized then, before it was finished, that it was a dead form. The Asov was a victim of its own success, nothing ostentatious and nothing overt but a success, not overburdened by numbers but quietly achieving very important milestones for a half dozen individuals in the real world in their real lives – milestones that have changed things and will have profound echoes – but things must end, all things have a given lifetime and recognizing when that form has peaked is a sorcerers art, for tempus fugit and we must try not to fuck about too long exploring lest we get hopelessly lost and distracted.

The entertainment industry has since Roswell enjoyed a meteoric rise in popularity. The transformation of the world due to technology is not breath-taking it has removed all room to breathe. First Person Shooters have become big business, a billion dollar industry with million dollar mega-stars, spectated like traditional sports and rapidly clawing its way toward olympic inclusion. Daily, Gaming, in particular makes millions of dollars not just in traditional methods through big business by the mega-corps that saw the future early and seized it by the throat – but by anyone with a good idea. They don't even need the nous to carry it through – the golden age of gaming and its union with the concept of crowd-funding have the economy of industry control turned on its head – articulate thieves trade their idea for hard currency every day only to disappear into the ethers – again, and again and again. A game called Star Citizen has raised over $250 million on crowd-funding alone, based on the success of a game called Wing Commander – just on the promise of a dream, yet to be delivered. The initial estimated target release date was said to be 2014, and has since been delayed repeatedly as the game grew in scale. There are dice sets, miniature figurines, boardgames making a million dollars in a few hours – 6 year olds making $6m on youtube, simulated killers being sponsored in teams for crazy money – it is impossible to ignore the profound success of games, both video and tabletop.

Dungeons & Dragons is an RPG, role-play game started in the 1950's as a more exciting successor to battle simulations using tanks and infantry. There are many interesting things about it but only a few are necessary to mention here: A) It was targeted as a potential instigator during the 'Satanic Panic' of the 80's after hyperbole and hysteria shook hands. B) It was at its core the embodiment of a Christian, white-dominant conqueror ethos – but its underlying importance as a method for telling stories, cannot be over-stated. Nerds and Geeks have found retribution in their unquestionable dominance as technological instigators, mediators and gladiators. If you want to understand technology you need it explained, if you want to use it you need it created and if you want to play it you have to endorse the first two. If you don't play – then you're not part of the New World Order and no one, cares, Kyle. I digress. What is interesting about D&D as its called shorthand, is how many 'dungeon masters' or storytellers there are who on a daily basis, take some written adventure and run a group or mix of strangers or friends through it – introducing, enabling and repeating the use of specific archetypes, energies and narrative;- reinforcing the underlying christian sentiment of the system which is heavily moral and which dabbles, dabbles, in psychodrama evoking primordial sleeping forces it has vast trouble controlling, understanding or integrating. Even today, great pains are taken to excuse any 'demonic' attribution however old goetic or dee angelic, with harmless nonsense to ratify and codify the physics of such sorcery within its system – even today, 50 years after its inception few 'DM's will or can play with characters who wish to play with an 'evil' player character because they simply cannot control the devil that arises, the leviathans within all humans that are stirred by the magical sympathy of narrative and come forth when called, eventually capsizing the careful boat the DM has prepared. It is in macro, the same forces that trouble the quietude of societies and nations – the malevolent aspect of free will when the repressed aspects of the subconscious are suddenly given a voice and a forum. They know not the fire with which they play.

These and many other short-comings of the game aside – on a daily basis these story-tellers which pepper the world over, bring to life dormant archetypes that lay within a person, who spring to life with such ferocity and vigour they often come with their own voice, their own feelings, their own being – with such intimate details as to represent a whole new person, of the power that only dreams can conjure. They call it imagination – until it fucks their plans and ruins their game because said personalities rock the boat. For to play at the table you must be well-behaved, polite, take your turn, not harm or kill your companions and at every turn perform the same social contract to avoid awkwardness and taboo-breaking that affords you a place in real society. It doesn't matter what you really want to do – that entire 'person' (character) that you have called forth intact which is of such an ancient origin it does not know 'the rules' – must be subjugated to the will of the greater good so that all may have equal turns and equal fun. There are endless commentary on how to deal with this player, that player, this play style, that play style, toxic players, or how to be a DM – how to 'tell' the story. It reminds this one of yet another priestly clergy preaching how to game morally and conduct oneself at every step so as not to upset the fragile ecosystem of cooperation – or of those occultists who still call up This or That with the enervating combination of gall and fear to use a pentagram for protection.

On a daily basis these story-tellers reinforce the narrative of the Redeemer – playing a game where creative license reveals the true brutal nature of many of its players who revel in killing and cruelty and sadistic acts in a fantasy land but where Conrad's heart of darkness speaks volumes. It's only a game. But – it's game where certain players are forbidden. Certain play styles are also forbidden. Particular acts require lots of warnings and morally composed politically acute chatter, a game of chess with Pavlov with remedial punishment and reward: where authentic archetypal expression risks setting off the very carefully laid landmines of non-inclusion, ostracization and being banned from the table for letting the devil they asked you to evoke to play, off its leash. Even the creators and company of the largest RPG tabletop are apologetic about evil, about demons and wax lyrical at length about responsible use of fantasy themes et al. Why – we might ask, unless its about money would a company append such trite verbiage in what we might think is an enlightened age? Well – this is not, an enlightened age. God is alive and people kill for him. Demons exist so says the Vatican and has its own 100 strong taskforce to deal with it. Copernicus' sun may no longer roll around the earth, everyone knows the name Musk and almost everyone can mumble something about 'string' theory – but we are still the vicious, scared, arrogant superstitious monkeys we've been. We still hit each other with rocks, we dominate with force, we solve problems with two solutions, we believe in truth and justice, are in thrall to stories and archetypes that dominate our every move depending on the story – and we are deathly afraid of everything – especially, the Devil.

The majority of game-players are white men in their 40's and 50's. They occupy a key and pivotal role in societal machinations due to their privileged position and race and their particular place in the swell of the technological wave. The alpha-cynic is rapidly eroding the alpha-male that is unquestionable but the beta-male is metamorphing as a result. One foot in the sanctuary of fantasy and escapism that makes life pleasant – and one foot in technology which has made sanctuary ubiquitous; together straddling the divide between a kinder, gentler kind of man and one vindicated and sometimes vindictive of the suffering inflicted on the kind men that got us to this point thanks to their efforts that the alpha-male sought only to ridicule, a mountain too sophisticated for dullards to see the base of let alone the climb that has transformed the entire forty-thousand kilometer circumference of the earth globe into a scintillating beacon of electrical fusion that makes it glow like a molten meteorite from every angle but its uttermost poles. Even now the alphas hit each other and women with rocks, sating their base chemical need for orgasm and bash heads like stunted moose children, the product of religion and its crippling teachings which enshrine the ego to its detriment and preach the sermons of retards.

Changing The Story is not an easy matter. You can recognize it in virtually every book, almost every movie and draped across and permeating every archetype, poisoning them with its sickness. Call it the Redeemer, call it Christ, call it the American Dream, the Ego, the Hero – call it the One.

The Story comes from antiquity, Greek fables and our Greek civilization, affected heavily by Tragedy and Drama, the underlying mesh that catches in the throat of all narrative where the reluctant Hero overcomes trials and tribulations only to save the earth single-handed or with a group of unlikely friends in the nick of time. Every fucking story. It is extremely rare to see this mantra broken, its hypnotic sway seeps into media under the institutionalized sanctioned guise that this, Hero, is what sells stories, what people want, what people, are. Holochrist attempted to break it – at least to see if through words such an archetype could be replaced, if story really required such saccharrine devices or if the Hero was just a forced myth jammed into everything that dared have an expression. It is. So we identified the root issue of human condition – fear and an unchanging narrative. Maybe we were slow – but look around you and you will see so many of us already understand the binding, numbing, ruthless grip of the Story – of the immovable choke of narrative – and their attempts to change it. Some do it with bombs, some with guns, some set themselves on fire or make spectacles of themselves or others – some rise to government, others

take power by force, some try to assassinate image others to perfect their every visage – some struggle to accept the power of The Story, such as its protective blanket for rapists, child-fuckers, mega-corporations, militaries, government, authority, police, criminals, patriotism, nationalism, god et al – and take their own lives when they can't change it, some use their own lives to try, and some take others lives as many as they can to wipe out opposition to their 'new' story which is invariably the old story. It is a tragic comedy inherited by our Greek antecedents that should have greatly bemused the Poets.
But THEM rightly are patient and watchful. There are only certain times when attempts on the Hydra can be made – most attempts to change the story just make it stronger, reinforce it and improve it defences. There are very rare times when the stars are just right. When all of the elements collide to make the perfect storm. For the last four years since abandonment of the asov and the discontinuation of the Themonomicon (crucial – but ahead of its time) we've been slowly introducing a new narrative within the gaming industry for those that bring stories to life on a daily basis. Subtly, at first. – ⊕

Breaking the Locke

FEBRUARY 17, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

A Lexicon for Dream Description

dreams notoriously defy the strict rigidity of time and space - points of view, observation platforms, fixation of being, origin of action and meaning often perform odd and often disorienting fusions and duplicities of each, archetypes, familiarity with persons, recognitions overlapping, falling and fading, contradicting into one another. this brief lexicon is to aid in a step toward some day making their mysteries more graspable and their deeper secrets transparent by providing not just the means to describe these difficult contradictions, but the impetus for others to further identify and name them as well.

Fixed Observer (My Me)– when you retain all of your faculties in a dream that make you, you – from memory catalogue, real-world physical attributes, five key senses, to intact mental zeitgeist of the world – and you participate in the dream in first person perspective.

Autonomous Detached Observer (My Me's)– when you retain all of your faculties in a dream that make you, you – from memory catalogue to intact mental zeitgeist of the world but your real-world physical attributes (body) are absent – and you participate in the dream from a third person perspective.

Divided Observer (Our Me's) – when you retain all of your faculties in a dream that make you, you – from memory catalogue to intact mental zeitgeist of the world but your real-world physical attributes (body) are absent and present – and you participate in the dream from a third person perspective AND first person perspective.

Fixed Divided Observer – **(My Me-Not-Me)** when you retain all of your faculties in a dream that make you, you – from memory catalogue to intact mental zeitgeist of the world but your real-world physical attributes (body) are absent – and you participate in the dream from a third person perspective watching yourself – but – cannot interact with the dream and only observe 'yourself' going through it.

Hostile Autonomous Observer (My Not-Me) When you are both the very being that is you but simultaneously overcome by a sense that you are not 'you'.

Quasi-Autonomous Omniscience – **(My All-Me)** When you are both the observer and the observed.

Divided Mental Agency – **(Stealthought)**When you 'know' something as another inhabitant that 'you' do not.

Non-Autonomous Participation – **(My As Them)** When you participate in the entire dream as another inhabitant.

Divided Familiarity – **(Like but Not Like)**When you recognize the appearance of someone familiar but it is not 'them'

Split Familiarity – **(Them as Also Them)** When you recognize the appearance of someone familiar and they drastically and immutably shift into being someone else in such a way they are both.

Contradictory Non-Familiarity (Them but not Them)– When you recognize the appearance of someone familiar and they drastically and immutably shift into being someone else in such a way they are both but also neither.

Hostile Locality – When the scene is identical to your memory of a place but there is a pervading sense of sinister shadow that the place is dangerous.

False Sanctuary – When the scene is identical to your memory of a home and your recognize family but the inhabitants are all strangers.

Hostile Sleeper – When you are among people who are your family and feel like your family, but there is a feeling one is not.

Glued – When you attempt to run at full speed/punch an attacker but are unable to.

Divided Identification – When you recognize a familiar face on a strangers body.

Hostile Inherency – When you recognize someone you know but there is a sense of danger emanating from them.

Forced Mutable Locality – When the scene rapidly shifts from familiar locations to unfamiliar locations, often repeating the same scene as if replaying a movie but with a different script in each visitation.

Hyper Formality – When the dream focuses on every detail around you in fine detail – from the tree root formation and stones on a path you are walking along to the temperature of the day, the emotion you feel, the destination you are going and have come from.

Hostile Pursuance – When you are pursued by a relentless killer or deadly threat.

Mutual Agency – When you are acting as yourself looking out onto the world but also occupy a second point of observation above yourself, watching yourself.

Mutual Divided Agency – When you are acting as yourself looking out onto the world but also occupy a fixed second point of observation outside yourself in another inhabitant.

Mutual Temporal Agency – When you are acting as yourself looking out onto the world but also occasionally occupy a fixed second point of observation outside yourself in another inhabitant.

Divided Autonomous Agency – When you are acting as yourself looking out onto the world but also occupy multiple points of observation outside yourself in other inhabitants.

Detached Temporal Agency – When you transition with frequency between points of observation above, behind or outside of you.

Mutable Detached Temporal Agency – When you transition with frequency between points of observation between inhabitants so as to see the scene and yourself from many points of view.

Mutable Paradigm – When you eclipse the constancy of matter size, such as having a car for a head and then climbing into another car head and driving off.

Solvent Paradigm – When the dream forces logical continuity during absurdity, such as having a car for a head and then climbing into another car head and driving off – where previous legs are suddenly present wheels with no suspension of disbelief.

Fracture – where the dream performs some act that wakes the dreamer up with its impossibility.

Chronological Temporal Immediacy – When the dream flashes forward to show a premonition of what the dream will contain.

Inverse Chronological Temporal Immediacy – When the dream flashes backward to show a premonition of what the dream has contained.

Eternal Fascimile – when we are given an object or a gift that produces an effect eternally, such as a wallet that never runs out of money.

False Existential Fascimile – when we are given an object or a gift that produces an effect eternally, such as a wallet that never runs out of money and we wake up temporarily believing it to be a reality.

Hostile Autonomy Agency – When there is a pervading sense that you are not you but you are powerless to prevent your ‘you’ from going through the actions of the dream, suddenly relegated to the role of observer in crucial, often emotionally potent, events.

Quasi-Immediacy – When it is clearly ‘today’ but the events took place yesterday.

Quasi-Inverse Immediacy – When it is ‘yesterday’ but the events clearly take place today in the present moment.

Quasi-Diurnal – When it is both night time and day time simultaneously.

Mutable Familiarity – When what was familiar becomes suddenly alien and strange

Frequent Mutable Familiarity – When what was familiar becomes suddenly alien and strange then familiar again repeatedly.

Infrequent Mutable Familiarity – When what was familiar becomes suddenly alien and strange then familiar again.

Fractured Inhabitant – When we recognize a visage or appearance of someone in one instance only to find them unrecognizable at some point.

False Mutable Inhabitant – When we recognize a visage or appearance of someone in one instance but they possess all of the internal characteristics of someone else.

Fractured Locality Remembrance – When we recognize a place or location from memory but some detail we cannot quite pinpoint has changed causing the recognition to be slightly ‘off’.

Shallow Timeclimb – When the dream jumps from the present immediacy into the future.
Deep Timeclimb – When the dream jumps drastically from the present immediacy into the far future
Deepening – When the dream places hyper-focus of importance on the very immediate events taking place at the immediate time.
Shallow Timedive – When the dream jumps from the present immediacy into the past.
Deep Timedive – When the dream jumps drastically from the present immediacy into the far past. I.e. from present day to a gladiatorial ring, napoleonic war, bronze age etc.
Timeslide – When time loses its fixed constancy inside the dream and becomes detached from events.
Dreamslide – the fading of details of a dream when we wake – especially when we try to remember them, forcing them backwards into the subconscious and further out of recollection.
Chromatic Filter – when a dream is in a particular colour, black and white, sepia.
Mutable Chromatic Filter – when a dream switches back and forth between a particular colour, black and white, sepia.

Aemulation

FEBRUARY 5, 2020 BY ⊕⊕⊕

Despite appearances – we must always remember that the codex of Mehr Seins Als Schein is in operation with the Temple of THEM. 'Be More Than You Appear'.
Identification with serial killers is an emulation with the worst of men – I cannot deny what I have inside me, it lacks only the blood-lust, the desire to kill, cause suffering, a hatred of women and an ego easily sated through gratification. Had I those weaknesses, I'd be just like them. So I write about the evolution – to tap into the hearts of these men as I did long ago with the Tempel ov Blood – of their type and offer them a greater door, something tangible to reach for – supremely arrogant to think that I can in some way metamorphize such human beings and persuade them to view their psychopathy as a set of gifts and a much greater prize beyond their need to kill if only they will continue to climb the mountain within and take on the challenge of creating the philosophers stone. Many serial killers have an abnormally high or low IQ – to those that have a high one, whose articulation and self-awareness of their own acts is immense and supplies details few of us would ever think on which to dwell or recapture in a retelling of events – I address my voice in the wind. But it should be vividly apparent now that magic and the manipulation of forms and forces is most effective when it is invisibly done, through narrative and story-telling – without exposing the bones, ligaments or joints of the intention writhing beneath its structure. Only today I visited Hanging Rock whereby I learned my companion had never been despite being told she'd be taken there and when I enquired why it was that her ex-partner believed that four girls had disappeared there and it was an evil place.
The Picnic at Hanging Rock is fictional. Joan Lindsay's book however took Australia by storm and there are accounts of it in newspapers treating it as a real event – much like HG Wells 'War of the Worlds' fooled many british radio listeners into thinking an alien invasion was genuinely taking place. Such evident gullibility is not to be scorned or ridiculed but understood as a hypnosis that can take even the most hardened sceptic through narrative – most, form their world-view from it, from the telling's of science or religion and are only too happy to reel off the facts that make the sky blue genuinely believing such to be an incontrovertible truth not a fantastical pyramidal program of fear management. And so, time and time again, the POWER of forms to dominate our reality is shown while remaining all the while occult and secret to those it dominates. As I've said the ego must be tricked, snuck up on and manipulated unseen – it cannot see the wires or the undermesh, it cannot know it is being driven into a cage or it will fight like nothing else fights making the chase for change, futile.
I have prevented terrorists, altered racists, defused killers and both made and unmade criminals in the way I have held and spoken. To be formless allows me to take on any form – convincingly and not unauthentically, I am a complex person I have a lot in me, many sides, many names, countless faces – but I have been striving to become one. To merge All of THEM into One of THEM. Completely mad, utterly sane – exhausted from the juggling and the splits in my worlds – but life – life, persists, and so I continue to write.

Dilemma Us to THEM

FEBRUARY 5, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

I remember buying a small yellow chicken I called ‘John’ and playing with it in my bedroom at Red Beach. I remember it pecking my eye as I was crouched down watching it and being pained and angry holding it in a vice like grip and crushing it. A day later on arrival home from school my mother announced it was dead and had been buried in a shoebox in the backyard. I felt something then.

I was born to be a serial killer. Having studied so many and identified an overwhelming number of key traits, experiences, and pathologies that we as a type share in common – and knowing what I have been through, felt and the analyses I have made of my journey that I cannot share but have done my best to try to outline over these many years as a writer in the experiences I have shared – I know, that was my destiny. That – or I was supposed to be a very evil man. Before 12 I was literally worshipping the devil under the house, annihilating thousands of butterflies, setting fires, home invasion, taking carving knives on the school bus to intimidate, having strong psychopathic fixations on girls, performing black magic, sleight of hand, hypnosis, tricks of the mind and faith on others, taking grave risks, and injuring or attempting to injure others through simple cold detachment. I was writing demonic scriptures, being influenced by books on the occult, black magic, the supernatural, cutting out vaginas and eyes from porn magazines and making a collage, keeping an infernal diary. I threw a fork at my brothers neck, a stone at my sister which cracked her elbow, another stone at my friends face (AM) and chipped his tooth, a wooden baton at a female schoolmate (MH) that hit her in the forehead – and though others reacted at my callous acts I felt no remorse. I felt nothing. I remember at the age of five trying to force a kitten to balance on a cupboard rail. I remember squeezing fish. Environmentally – there were many incidents of torment, ridicule, humiliation that made me misanthropic, countless experiences that killers later recount as tipping points into their endeavours – many of which I have never spoken and will likely take to the grave for noble compassionate reason.

I believe, I was born to be a serial killer. Except – I am missing several key traits. I don’t enjoy the suffering of human beings. I don’t hate women. And I was visited by God. Even today reflecting on that visitation and for all of my ability to rationalize, explain or designate experiences as within or without – I am tormented by the inability to excuse that visitation which completely transformed me. In the first diary of a devilworshipper I write about the ‘Bliss’ that I felt that night and have never felt since – but which marked for me the difference between seeing a ghost and never seeing one and the perpetual uncertainty it creates in convictions of belief about the way things are and reality as we know it. I have been guided by that feeling, that gift and curse, ever since – for a very long time fighting against becoming a man touched by the Holy, struggling to overcome and live with burning psychopathy and heavy with the sad wisdom gleaned from tearing things apart to see the divine stitching – a combination which gives me frightening intensity that I go to great pains to conceal in my day to day life – skating across the surface of societal expectation easily but always with the sense that I am a visitor here, not one of you, not human – but One of THEM.

What I carry inside is extremely onerous and without it my life should have been very different I suspect – but it hasn’t been different, it’s been the way it was and is – both extremely bizarre and diverse in its breadth and scope of spheres: for a long long time I was a walking battle of the devil and the divine, something only the women close to me in my life will ever know. No others get the chance to really see me as I am. Keeping what I am capable of a secret is an exhausting way to live. I didn’t choose it but unmistakably, as much as I wish I could deny it ever happened, that it was a phantasm, wishful thinking, a dream, the fancies of imagination, delusion, schizophrenia, dissociation or a handful of other clumsily described hysteria – whatever I think I saw, utterly changed me to my core. It was a he. It was not christian, or muslim, or jewish or basely comparable to human religion – but it did explain why there are such tremendous efforts in his name: that if such had appeared to others with more frequency in the ancient past why there were enormous crosses, lavish and gargantuan temples and mosques, elaborate churches and pain-staking love and care in every detail on every statue, window, arch – and consequently why the congregation sat in wooden pews or prostrated themselves on the ground. It reified why priests dress in gold and the scriptures of books pertaining to miracles survived and survive and are still followed today – why wars are fought to establish and affirm the sanctity of homelands, holy lands and what drives the ferocious monotheism that dominates our globe. For as much as I don’t want it to have been an experience for me – wanting to revel in the epithets of traditional satanism and become the beast I was meant to be, I wanted to be, I struggled to be – always, that feeling of bliss, of absolute peace and love that I felt as a twelve year old boy from a glowing blue light at the end of my bed that completely prevents me from doing what I was supposed to do.

And so here I am, still, between worlds – but no longer in combat. No longer fighting with these forces inside, no longer needing to actively suppress or place into context. Burdened yes with

terrifying traits, gifted so it seems too with powerful persuasive capacities as a poet and age 41 at rest with what I am – having transformed all of my lead into gold and via this process, forged the philosophers stone.
We, as a race, don't live long. I chase my mortality every day – I am not afraid to die, I am afraid only that I might fail in my mission. These alchemical writings aim to speed up certain processes so you may enjoy the sublime existence of being unlocked and enjoy it early. For a long time I guessed at and wondered which way I would ultimately go when I had finished building the 'Temple' – would I use my power for good or for evil. Batman or Joker? Retribution or compassion? Or would I create third and fourth choices. Even if I had made a decision, I wouldn't tell you.

The Frenzied Switch

FEBRUARY 2, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Alchemically speaking – Though the urge of which I speak that visits a few, dominates, stalks us from youth in every pretty face and the blinding mesmer of innocence and gods light in their eyes fixes us like deer, calling it forth, teasing the terror to rise – and throughout our youth, temptation is overwhelming, washing upon our shores of control, eroding our sanity, our reason, our restraint with its whips, its jibes, its relentless torrents – of agonizing emotional barbs – we must at all costs hold back on becoming the Monster.
There is a moment that will come to you – a zenith of tolerance, that will beg your being to submit, to succumb totally to the primality, the waves of sweet destructive impulse surging over our Rock, and rip their pieces to pieces and pieces. But you must turn back at the edge – right before you take God and the Devil hand in hand and that burning rage of ferocity erupts. The temptation will be like nothing you have ever experienced before – nothing – and you will want to sate the monster, with dopamine, with serotonin, with adrenaline, with enacting your will to power without watchers, without guardians present. Do not emerge from your chrysalis early – do not compromise and tatter flesh as your trophy. Do not let the animal rage undo your potential.
The gateway to the First Human lies beyond – the transformative metamorphosis of our special gifts into a far greater butterfly effect… but you cannot attain it from base human being, and besides – there are far harder, more challenging, more rewarding and deserving prey for ones such as us. Leave the women alone – there are monsters to hunt.

41

JANUARY 20, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Today I celebrate my 41st Birthday. I didn't believe I would make it this far into life. I've created a prolific amount of work in my youth. Now that I have made it further along the spiral in years, have unlocked and am presently enacting my wyrd, contributed a legacy to the occult, become the sorcerer I wished to be and forced those changes I wished to see, endured the struggle with which I was tasked and followed the instruction of THEM within and without toward Undividuation – I can only wonder what lies ahead as I enter this stage of my life and finally merge my separate realms. The Temple of THEM is 14 years old and not yet half way into its merger but the hard majority of the alchemy required has already been completed. THEY are pleased. So am I.
One who Remembers.

Alluvial

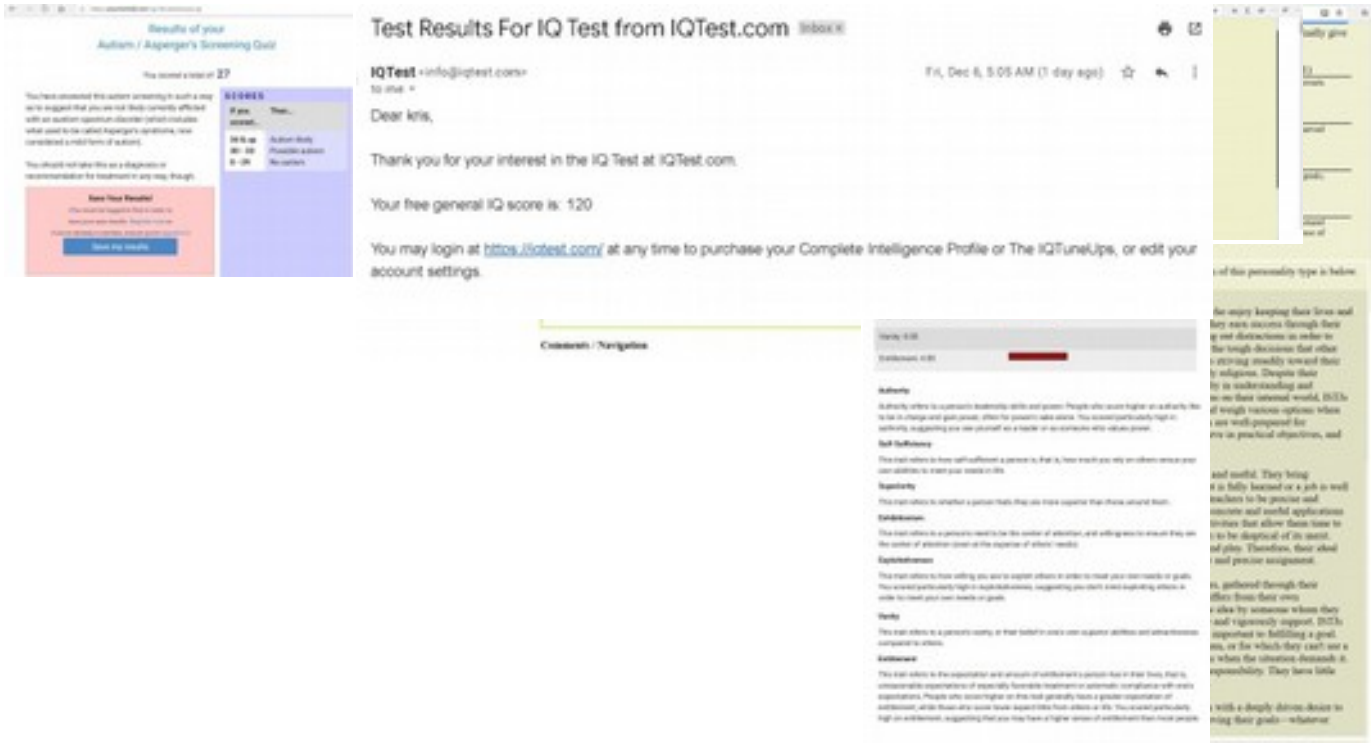
JANUARY 17, 2020 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Beguiling and mysterious – the psychopathy of the serial killer has been a dark fascination for generations of curious, morbid and desperate human beings since their label-sake emergence in the dawn of the Industrial Age.
The paragon ability of such chameleons to blend into and fulfil an exacting life in such a way as to leave all around them vivified via the roles they adopt to make themselves a virtuous actor in

society is often shattered leaving those around them in shock and awe when the dark ferocity of such a being is revealed amid a horrifying litany of oft-grisly discoveries and trail of battered and brutalized bodies.
However – is that 'perfection' – a false face, or a second face of the being that fits that label? Is the 'deception' to conceal hidden intentions and a double-life – or does such a killer really mean 'both' of his roles? Is the outcost of such a paragon, who can in fact meet the impossible bar of such a magnanimous creature that society craves to fill its ranks with – who gives and gives and is loved, admired and affected for the better by all of those around him because of his acts of charity, kindness, Love – an energy cost paid for with the subsequent serial killing?
I know the alchemical kernal of the perfect human being, an evolved First Human is to be found in the psychopathy of the serial killer. The 'deliberate blending' and creation of a societally beneficial 'double-life' is a set of forms powered by a force that often far outstrips in beneficence, intensity and charity those who. may we say "actually are", to an extent selfless and angelic, desiring naught but the increase happiness and decreased suffering of human beings. Whether it is the immense effort undertaken to conceal their real nature – those deceptive acts are nonetheless beneficial – and often markedly so and out of the ordinary in the spectrum of good deeds. Their 'first-face' may be a mask but it is also an illusion that has real-world effects and benefits to those around them. Is a corporation any dissimilar? Using a brand trademark around which are wrapped marketing campaign and PR to sell a product, give to charity, provide jobs, but may equally be devastating the environment, ruining lives, destroying people – often, indirectly, far down the chain such as loggers killing natives to claim timber resources – or firing a vulnerable employee after 30 years of service? Yet for all the devastation wreaked to get that dollar – is that not a similar outcost for the price of delivering Goodness?
The First Human, the better human being, the evolution of our species bears the key traits of a psychopathic killer – abject detachment for life, precision of action + economy of movement/thought, charisma, charm, hyper-focus, an ability to do terrible deeds in the same breath as good, but – none of the same neuroses. No hatred of women, no broken chains of emotional development, they are all of the Love without the killing.
The serial killer is the egg, a primordial stage of evolution overwhelmed by itself and unsure of its own arrival – distorted and principled by the cold scratchings of aeons of relentless religion, a monotheistic brain psychanic, and a non-individuated pysche pushed about by forces that mars it beauty, its clarity and its blinding light. Such psychopathy, such devastating movement when they move, such unstoppable escapism from analysis and observation by continually changing to meet the observer – is the early stage of the vessel, from which the First Human, a better man, will grow. Blessed with the impenetrable darkness of a soul capable of terrific Destruction brought under suprapersonal yolk by such a soul – and the Transformative power of the razor-vision of a Killer to spot gaps, spaces, opportunities, in the Sinister Grotesque of events – a predators instinct to understand the ebb and flow of forms and the right moment where each action need be injected; someday this ferocious set of abilities will be employed by more than this one to identify opportunities where choices can be made, moments can be seized to enhance life to channel Pure Love – without the need to refuel such Giving with Blood, without the outcost presently demanded by human weakness : such Hate is the past and such Love is the future. You will know us when you stand near us – we will be radiating a trembling undercurrent of terrifying Violence powering authentic Kindness. We will have eyes of black cold that will force our will anyway it needs to be done – that shine and twinkle with a spirit you haven't seen since the Beginning. And then, then you will Remember.

Staring into the Sun (The Rite of Regurgitating Choronzon II)

DECEMBER 7, 2019 BY ⊕⊕⊕


Test Results For IQ Test from IQTest.com
IQTest
Dear kris,
Thank you for your interest in the IQ Test at IQTest.com.
Your free general IQ score is: 120
You may login at https://iqtest.com/ at any time to purchase your Complete Intelligence Profile or The IQTuneUps, or edit your account settings.

It is illuminating to have some idea how we may present to others. – and highlight to the Self further subconscious tendencies that inhabit the blueprint of who we are but which often go unnoticed, unseen, occult, or hidden from us in particular – visible only to those outside of us.
There is no question we cannot change what we are – once we understand what we *are – **if** we **want** to change – **and** we understand what shaped us that way. But we must consider that what we are, powers what we do, and tinkering with it can cause drastic and unpredictable results including losing the power to do what we have previously done – and even entire personality change making us unrecognizable to others, but more dangerously, to ourselves. This is why diets, trends, "self-improvement" do not work but acts only on a superficial level – while grief, suffering, trauma and sacrificing the ego via such activities as insight roles impart deep and permanent change.
The psyche is an elasticated icosahedron and as delicate as an unexploded bomb. Tug on one part of it and you dislodge another – emphasize and focus on one part and you neglect and repress another – in both cases, serving only to arm a latent explosion. But that is black magic and that is the risk the great game involves.
Knowledge and Happiness are at cross-purposes with one another up to an extent of the journey – then they merge and become as meaningless as each other. Into the Abyss I dissolve the Abyss.
'are - a particularly problematic statement used for convenience not accuracy. who decides what constitutes our being, us, them or them? form or force? wherein are the boundaries of duration of 'are' - when does it become 'were', and how, and by whose authority? the only answer to these questions is your will to power to enforce one being greater than those whose enforcement would have it otherwise.
Similar to the burgeoning expansion of sexuality, gender identities that is attempting to shrug off and fragment from the controlling Man-Woman dichotomy and has become LBQTI et al – so to we can expect the concept of Time to begin undergoing a similar explosion into multiplicity – likely within the next 10-20 years due to the prevalence and rising influence of "Quantum" – and which sophisticated evolution will eventually affect the way words 'hold' and 'express' concepts of time. This is not new, just new to many of us where Time is a draconian feature of our lives due to its monopoly. What I am seeing as I am growing older is the emergence of a new species of human being still in embryo but which we can anticipate the constitution of through the extrapolated effect of the fully-grown forms present in life that will someday effect it.
We are moving more and more rapidly toward an evolution of the brain's capacity to hold contradictions in its stead – and the humans capacity to handle and not be overwhelmed by that capacity – and the dissolving of a culture built on Insynsian giving way to one dominated by THEM. When it manifests it will bear little to no resemblance to the understanding and motivation, ethos or zeitgeist we currently experience. The death of Christianity is not the eradication of the external cult – **it is the over-throwing of the simpleton grasp of the brain and its psychanics *emphasis* by the general population** – it is the throwing off of a aeonic yolk that seeks the lowest, quickest route, a

primitive assymmetry of neuro-potential and the services to which it is tasked – and the development of a super-patience that can more ably use the brain to its fuller extent. Computers – are a symptom of this, and a result. If I have been understood these long years – it need be appreciated that Christianity, Islaam, Judaism (which THEM groups together as Abrahamic) are a simpleton grouping based on such a primitive grasp as mentioned above, often attacked by a simpleton reactive response to being overwhelmed by the enormity of what these words denote and the forms they represent – which is thousands of years of complex striving of human endeavour that have borne the very fundamentals of Being. Of Spirit, of Meaning, of Symbol, of Pattern, of Purpose. that we enjoy/endure today. If we are to rage against anything with surety – it is ourselves and the inept perception and clumsy abandonment we repeat to the dominating power of forms – preventing us from a lucid comprehension of the forces. Commonality in argument is that such groups have caused War (including previous exortations by my younger self) – but that is symptomatic of the requirement for monotheistic representation of forms, it is not the desire of Religions themselves but a by-product of religion when used by the lower brain – wherein the genuine aim of religion is to get closer to God and his Works and has given the human race its legacy and legitimacy. If we are to be kind – the monotheistic zealotry toward Insynsian, toward one world-view is a responsibility shared by the idiocy (but primary function) of the Ego – and the inexplicable Love one feels when over-whelmed by God or creation and the fierce inferno of these forces combined to realize the self-actualization of Worship. What we need understand is that the raw comprehension of a perfect God capable of creating what the zealot experiences by way of Earths wonders – is compared to the tissue-paper imperfect, clumsy, aggravating agency of human beings which serve only to insult, smear, degrade, destroy, lower and subjugate this Perfection. Therefore those that do not agree with the zealot and help them cope with the over-whelming experience of union (sub-union) with the Divine, are easy to disregard, easy to destroy and eradicate without mercy or compassion (genocide typically expressed AS mercy or compassion). It is a fevered madness to preserve sublime beauty at all cost – to hold forever imprisoned, the shape most pleasing in the sacred geometry of God’s image. Truly – a blinding light.

We may include subconscious Jealousy among the lower brain – for when comparing our deeds or creations to those of say, the Sophia Hague, Taj Mahal, Kaaba and the attention it receives, the reverence it bathes in, the sheer colossal scale of its undertaking which even architecturally is a daunting topic let alone the spiritual power that bid it be built: many feel small, and powerless. Powerless when their culture is dissolved, powerless when their own power is taken from them by law, a police force, or an army. Powerless when foreign cultures run rampant and present change that affects their lives upsetting the stasis of the ego and the security of the familiar. And the righteous indignation that surfaces by masked banner waving men and women fails to see the bemusing irony of cultural hostile takeover from the other side. All flags of all nations – are ‘Swastikas’. All of them. To understand less is to fail to grasp how nations are formed and the blood shed to do it – an inability to grasp economics, markets, resources, trade, culture and what it means to be human. Like a childish man beating his wife or children because they present little to no physical threat of retaliation to him – advocates against abrahamic religions often cannot see the wood for the trees.

Who we are is a collection of forms governed by forces. None of those forms are more important than any other – we just think them so because we have to have such a collection to have a personal identity. Like piling a random assortment of nuts, bolts and cogs into a bag without looking to constitute our moving parts and the parts that move us – and running a charge through them with electricity to represent our sentience – so too are the days of our lives. Clumsy, awkward, disconnected and absurd. When someone agrees with what we believe or we think it so – naturally the Ego gets a high from being validated – but all of our ideas, our aims, or lofty goals and sense of purpose and bearing are really, just neanderthalic bullshit.

When our view of the mammoth forces we face as a human entity are presented to us – they shadow us and our ability to grasp the god-like enormity of their intrinsic meaning. As such we go out to fight a tsunami with a sand castle. We struggle and scream and make small splashes in an ocean vast beyond compare – a force for good, evil, a cog in others stories and a helpless fool in our own. Until we are no more.

Nonetheless – all signs point to a drastic evolution of the human race, once several generations of this at once embarassing at once crucial stage of one, have long passed.

OCTOBER 30, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

A Monumental Shift

OCTOBER 16, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1

In recent weeks/months the emergence of a new food type called V2, short for “version 2” has begun surfacing in supermarkets, stores and a fast food restaurant chain. This food titles itself as ‘plant-based’ meat. It’s website v2foods.com, anticipates the many questions that might be levelled at such a mysterious and suddenly ubiquitous substance – but worryingly, uses corporate speak, buzzwords and verbal side-stepping to completely ignore answering the questions asked on our behalf – further claiming that the recipe for the substance is ‘top secret’.
Referring to my essay on Genetically Modified Foods (GMO) food adulteration is an ancient practice – and it is fair to say now, that we as a populace have no real concept or understanding of ‘what’ we are eating as it is – not just in processed foods, but in ‘organic’ foods such as our fruit, vegetables, meats and poultry – and the indignation of humans about the ‘sustainable’ origin of their foods has always been laughable empty egocentric sentimentality disguised as ‘concern for the planet’. But those details and the hollow nature of such efforts are not what I will focus on here.
This essay holds up two hands. On one hand, the chief CEO of V2, Nick Hazell whose list of previous positions include R&D in numerous well-known brands has recognized the trending possibility that humanity at its current rate will in the not too distant future run out of the foods we are accustomed to eating .Monsanto as I have discussed before has created GMO-based corn that does not need the conditions of normal corn to grow – and from it extracts a substance called ‘Corn Syrup’. ‘CS’ is the main product in hundreds of thousands of foods – for its composition allows it (like sugar) to be transformed into hundreds of other chemicals to perform hundreds of tasks – to create virtually freely, unlimited ‘food’. Similar to the way Usury creates credit by digital modification – Hazell’s motivation seems to stem from the global acknowledgement that the Earth is undergoing drastic changes due to the sheer number of us here using resources, and using them at a staggering rate. One need only see Google-Earth’s atmospheric current view of the planet to see the incredible amount of electricity we as a species use, visible from space, that lights up the planet as if it were a burning meteorite. Hazell like many others concern however, has resulted in a formulation of a ‘new food’ – a ‘version 2’ – treating one of the most basic substances we know, like an iphone model. This approach and labelling system alone could feature an essay – but I digress.
Hazell hopes that to sustain the planets current trajectory and have enough food for the next century or more – V2 will be adopted as an alternative food source. The standard claims of similar flavour, taste, sustainability and other marketing spin withstanding – the removal of genuine meat from supermarkets is a more worrying trend – wherein we may wonder, in ten years time, will meat still be meat – and will meat even exist? Farmers in Australia have systematically had their profits eroded by drought and greedy supermarkets – whose cut-throat approach is (natural for a corporation) – and – required to feed the voracious appetites of those who use them – and who now rely on them. As I was not alone in saying twenty-five years ago, food in supermarkets was cheap, but once the supermarkets gain control and eliminate the greengrocers, butchers and bakers – you will see the real face of the corporation. It was not long after that prediction (at the age of fifteen), that bottled water (something we used to joke about) – began to make an appearance. In Summary, Hazell is right, to sustain the current rate of consumption by humanity, something needs to drastically change to ensure there is enough food for all. In saying this – now we turn to the other hand.
Hazells approach, while painted altruistic (and clearly not) has another ramification – namely, it acts as a trapdoor, escape route, or vehicle that both justifies humanities use and consumption of foods, resources and the activities of commerce and industry that have lead us to a planet experiencing man-made climate change – and it also endorses the egocentric behaviour of humanity that has lead us to this predicament without allowing humanity to fall on its sword and atone, seek to change, or modify its attitude as a species toward each other, and toward what it is to be human. By trying to sustain the planets expected trajectory and population through artificial foods – Hazell only condones the tragic stupidity and greed that brought us to this point – and is attempting to ‘bail us out’ of an extinction we deserve and brought upon ourselves. That it has come to the point an entirely new ‘food’ must be invented to sustain the population of Earth – is not new, but it does represent a colossal and monumental change wherein food is no longer what nature provided in raw source – but more and more an unknown thing, a step removed even from the GMO or mash-ups that constitute ‘food’ today: this is instead a very heavy signpost planted in time.

What humanity will continue to witness now – is desperate attempts to excuse itself disguised in the calm order of the day by appealing to modern sentiments of sustainability, organic, healthy and more importantly, to the guilt factor of personal and collective impending mortality of the human race if you do not eat it.
So here we have a puzzling fork in the road of the human race. On one hand, the ingenuity of the human race struggling to find solutions to keep its machine going at the same rate, same speed and, same dizzying increase – and on the other, those ingenuities serving to justify and excuse the behaviour and tragicomic disregard for the planet and its people that humanity as a whole has shown one another since the dawn and before of time. Why this is of such interest – is what such a forms arrival indicates. It indicates, that the free-for-all rising individuality from the seventies of the 20th century to the anarchic self-indulgence and absolute social enshrinement of the entitled egoism of the twenties of the 21st century is now beginning to ebb: and a global shift toward collectivism is about to unfold. Mark, my, words. You will, in a decade, no longer have the choice of what to eat regardless of your religious, political or ethical views. You will, no longer know what you are eating in a decade. You will, no longer have the freedom of a you. All those choices you make now within a paradigm of social contract – i.e. the foods you refuse to eat, will be all you eat. V2 is not the only sign trending toward this cycle – but it is a very pointed marker. Something wicked comes this way – and freedom of individuality is shortly about to undergo a very rude awakening the likes of which humanity has never seen before.
I predict – it will begin with the global collapse of guarded privacy and data – and end in private governments starting up like companies/cartels. Strictures on guns, drugs, criminal activity will lose the ability to be enforced and you will see such companies advertising what is on the dark web – as publically as fast-food chains sell you a chemical CS composition now. Currency will be air, water and food. When that is fact – all the mental softness/physical weakness of humans will fade as we enter the mid-phase of ABSU (the force of absurdity) and the jest and fun had by its infected fools and the hardness inculctated at a social engineering level by the alpha-cynic at the inception of this dark gods entry – gives way to individual holocaust. We must appreciate that the majority of the planet already devalue a human life – and only the burning torches of the ‘Western’ halcyon and its entertainment playpens allow self-importance. Military, Police, Healers (doctors, psychologists, teachers) and Government know this. When they are gone – the darkness of humanity from which we’re in the main artificially protected – will devour the world.

TSPII – Stage IV 2020

OCTOBER 1, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

So to begin…
Embedded in the imagery and devices are numerous references and symbols/phrases of the temple, including the Thrasz, subtly seeding the subconscious with acceptance of these mysterious principles. The imagery openly depicts a burned/burning christian church, the thrasz desecrating a cathedral, and the world lore of the greater device has for its backstory the downfall of Insynsian and the past on whose shoulders the blames falls squarely on abrahamic forces.
Harboured within D&D, even if recognized, it would be desperately difficult to dislodge these shards – primarily due to the event of the ‘Satanic Panic’ which happened some decades ago – wherein now laughed at, such accusations would find pressed against it, its own hysteria as people would surely not believe such claims a second time. Moreover, these shards have already gone to their new homes – infecting the subconscious of hundreds of thousands exposed to them. Directive-A16 is in full force here, subjugating and subverting A) a primarily Christian-based and abrahamic derived corporate vehicle that is the largest in the world B) sprawls across a large number of outlets, seeding these tendrils further every day C) infects story-tellers themselves, who will be changing not just their narrative to represent the devices and the world, but the narrative of aeons, of more than 2000 years – telling a new story with a new moral code and breaking down existing powertypes by doing so D) seeding the messages of Them far and wide E) making a subtle and increasingly overt connection between the devices, imagery and the prime mover, this temple so that the two forces eventually touch, merge and become inseparable.
What then may happen then when the two forms fuse and it becomes apparent that indeed the imagery does contain satanic references, ethos and keywords and refers back to the temple and its vast body of anti-abrahamic work? What then of the gamers who know only of my secondary forms, or of the occultists who know only of my primary forms – such volatility is hard to predict in a unique experiment that may re-instigate a second satanic panic – or simply silently brood, seeping into the minds and hearts of those whom the forms encounter.

In the recently released ‘Gates of Avernus’ even here, Christian apologists make special mention that ‘evil should have its ass kicked’ – remembering of course, that D&D grew from Christian roots it is saturated with praise for the prehistoric ego with a blind lust to kill and an enervating morality that sees the ethos of the Inquisition, or Knights Crusaders, or Salem Witch-hunters enshrined in ‘Heroes’ whose deeds of murder and immorality are almost always deemed just, rarely punished by the game – and in every way, sanctioned within the fantasy genre as part of doing business.
Coupled with all manner of humano-centric archetypes, including the Cleric, Priest, Paladin and numerous other christian-archetypes the overall narrative of D&D is the muscular christian, which through RPG posits a simulacrum of bravely fighting evil where-ever it may go – which in itself is the authentic corruption of humanity by reinforcing these damaging beliefs of egoic superiority and moral righteousness – training and re-training in the bearing of abrahamic thought and action.
The box containing our servitors have been built and cast, all that is required now is to carelessly drop the keys.
Herein though comes the question – if the temple actually legitimizes the unsubstantiated christian paranoia of the 80’s (ad infinitum) does this weaken or strengthen them? If there are in fact, satanic messages, symbols, and a direct attempt to undermine and disrupt their forms, embedded in a game shadowed with accusatory witchhunt – and this current can be tied to the temple, which exhibits open and (escalating) hostility toward Christianity and abrahamism – what then?
Firstly its entirely possible that the backlash destroys the secondary form and its tendrils – with proponents claiming one of two things: A) the servitor has only replicated the christian’s fear by the temples actions mimicking a crusade to rout out and vanquish the ‘evil of the christians’ – B) defenders rush to protect the ‘rpg’ accusing the temple of attempting to destroy a platform that has given said protectors some of its fondest memories and with which form lies powerful sentiment subsequently exposing the temples work en masses to a litany of ridicule.
Are these machinations in play – hypocritical?
Is it possible that beyond the volatile aftermath of this stage – such exposure however, seeds the concept/drive of Directive-A16 as a far larger widespread practice to infiltrate and subjugate corporate forms?
The temple is not stereo-typically ‘satanic’ – and does not propound satanism, but certainly an anti-abrahamic vitriol. It is alien and lovecraftian, sinister and illuminati seeking to control and change the Apex narrative of judeo-christian sentiment toward some ‘Other’ – toward THEM, toward plurality. But in the end perhaps my lifes work so far is a tragic-comic waste of decades, amounting simply to death-wishian chaos-magic and self-destruction – the equivalent of dropping a loaded grenade down a well just to hear the bang but not throwing it far enough and blowing myself to pieces in the process. My curiosity to Know is damning and a curse.

-Φ-

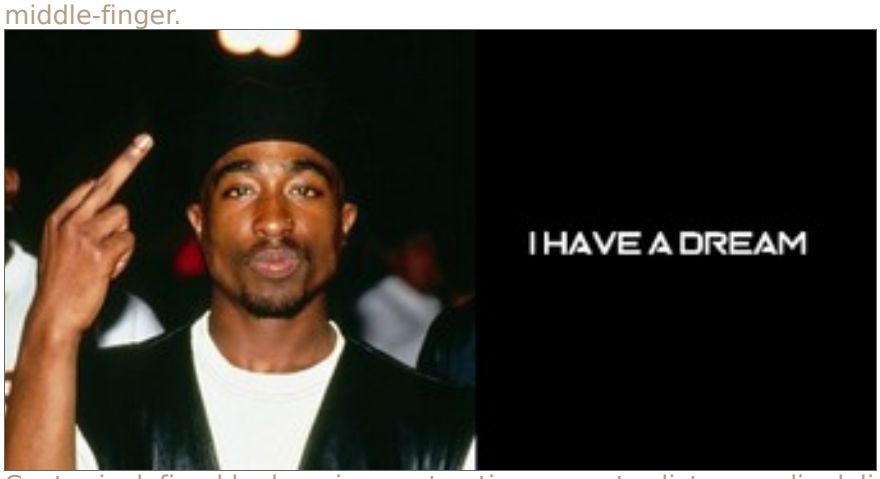
SEPTEMBER 27, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Contra

SEPTEMBER 5, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

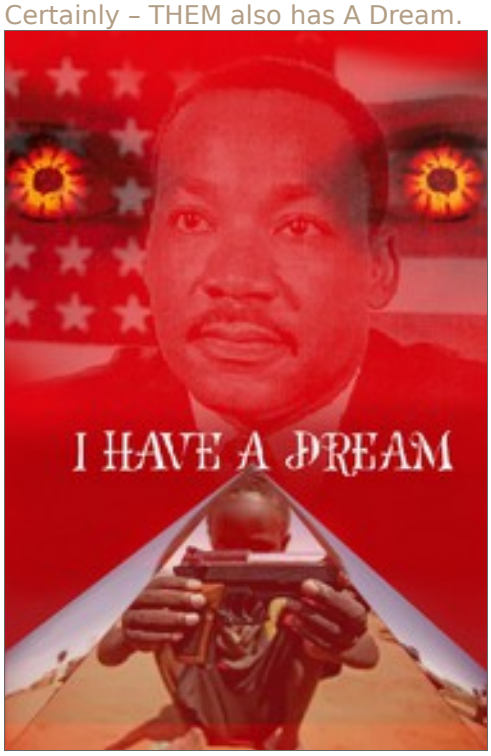
Contra – A New Sound
The original concept of “Reichno” was the fusion of White Power messages with hostile subtleties of the Holocaust and the contemporary trance of techno – designed to match pace with and then speed up the heartbeat resulting in frenzy.
“Contra” – is a new design. It fuses rap music with layers of contradictory sound-bites. Martin Luther King’s speech to the nation is interspersed with the established ethos of the street violence embodied by rappers Tupac Shakur and Notorious B.I.G / or – recorded footage from the chaos of the unfolding LA Riots simultaneously is heard as George Bush Snr gives an address to the UN on the New World Order and the control such an order will ostensibly exercise. A third layer of vocals, unusual and usually absent in contemporary music which concerns itself with clarity by restricting itself to main and backing vocals – offers juxtaposition to the political machinations of the speeches illustrating the difference between well-intended rhetoric and the reality of the blood-soaked streets and desperation of the afro-american culture via its sub-culture.
Shakur’s Black Panther influences and undeniable drive toward self-realization made him a potent political speaker and legendary rapper. Luther’s poignant dream speech is further counter-pointed by the inclusion of these two rap moguls. famous for the East-West Coast rap wars resulting in both

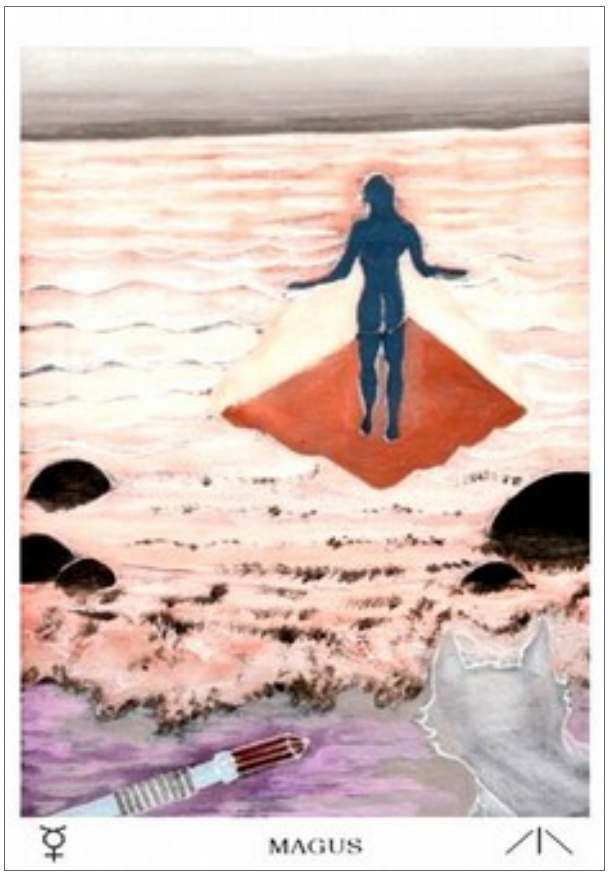
of them being gunned down within weeks of each other. Behind all of this raw reality of which the rappers spoke, stand the shadowy figures of politics, in turn implementing or resisting the invisible hand of power from the Illuminati that Shakur became aware of in prison and markedly gave the middle-finger.



Contra is defined by layering contrasting or contradictory audio deliveries and concepts over, under and eitherside of a third main lyrical track- and by using a noticeable break in the melody where it falls silent for a period of a few seconds only to build back up again – as well as a three-step pattern of silent stops that shock the listener and accentuate both the melody and the main lyrics with their absence. Contra also has the characteristic of using a melody with a Sinister tonal set, to create an unnerving, threatening feel. It's messages and music seeks to incite emotions of unrest, feelings of injustice and anger toward authority.

Certainly – THEM also has A Dream.



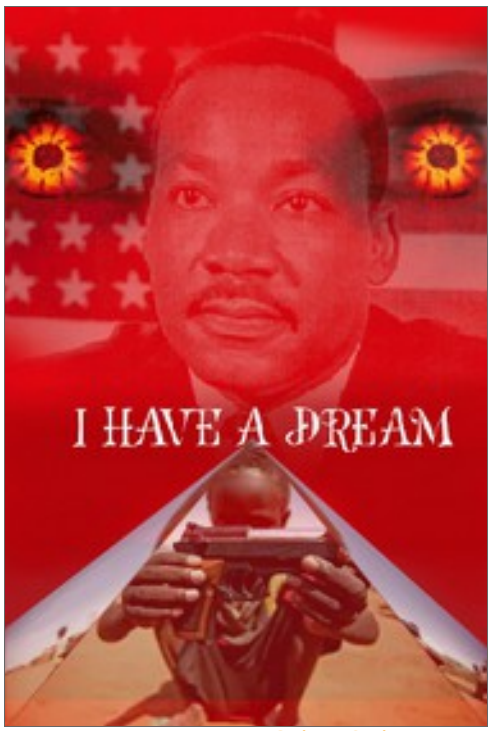


STAGE III – Successfully Achieved. Psychical Mergence will be satisfactorily brought to a close on Halloween, October 31st 2019 – and STAGE IV of the Temple of THEM, initiated.
-Φ-

I Have A Dream

SEPTEMBER 5, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1



I Have A Dream – Mp3 (14:21)
I Have a Dream 28 Days Later- (2Pac/Biggie) – Mixed by Willet Rayne 2019

A Pursuit of the Dragon: Part 1 +O+

SEPTEMBER 3, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1

Learning Mandarin/Chinese: A Pursuit of the Dragon: Part 1 +O+
The dizzying complexity of Mandarin for a purely English-speaker with no other language skills, was in itself appealing as a challenge; a cryptic layered language of exquisite beauty but which my mind found all-too foreign to comprehend.
Mandarin has several layers which add to its complexity. These layers are all necessary to master if one is to Speak, Read, Write, Comprehend Chinese. It requires a familiarity with a base volume of 300 Chinese characters to understand 40% of Chinese. And up to a few thousand to be proficient.
Chinese characters each represent a syllable – with some reminiscent of the thing they represent, and many others, simply invented to fill a need (though over the course of thousands of years).
Writing a Chinese character, has rules regarding which lines are drawn first and in which direction – and each character is made up of up to 15 strokes.
There are 29 kinds of strokes in mandarin, each one with its own name. A tonal inflection exists with five different tones, represented by the accent above the Initial or Final (vowels) that indicate whether tone should rise, fall, elongate, rise and fall, or be pronounced with tonal inflection. The tone is crucial to get right as many characters use the same symbols but may have completely different meanings when a different tone is applied.
Uniting the character, tone and meaning to speak or write words, Chinese follows rules of its own which shuffle the order of parts of the sentence around differently to that of the order in English. For instance, *kan wan dianshi women zai chuqu ba* – translates to **finish watching tv we then go out** – or in English paraphrasing "Let us go out after we finish watching TV!" Additionally it uses sounds that are often difficult to get right, or absent entirely from the English phonetic range making it hard to correctly pronounce and risking not being understood.

Chinese is a language of precision, sophistication and elegance. Getting a character stroke, tone inflection, word order, slightly wrong – can change the meaning drastically. Chinese is also spoken very rapidly – and it can be very difficult to pick out which words are said to a non-native speaker.

LEARNING CHINESE:

To flow with a form, however difficult, one has to identify what the resistances one has to learning it are. The main resistances were the complexity, the simulteity of having to combine so many layers for proficiency, the array of new sounds my brain doesn't recognize, the sheer number of characters, the alienness of the symbols, the complexity of the symbols, the tonal inflections. Many people give up before they start, convinced that this is an impossible task or a language too difficult to learn first. I never consider that. Few things are impossible – they just require patience to know one can make friends with strange forms and the determination to break it down into steps – however many required. It has always bemused me that English derives from Latin, the one-speak of the Catholic Church, and that is among the reasons I wish to learn a new language that is not Abrahamic in nature.

My first step was to begin introducing my brain to the new sounds, new words, new symbols. I used an app that taught chinese step by step – in 40 modules each with around 30 examples/lessons. I spent 2 to 2.5 hours a day going through these modules one by one to learn Chinese. While I did my best and my aim was accuracy – my primary goal was merely to immerse my consciousness in the new paradigm and get it used to the different 'arcane' shapes, sounds, and rules on a rudimentary level. I hoped that simply doing so would prime/prepare my brain for the entry of new data in a high volume. With my intention being that on a second time around – it would not be so thrown or confused by those symbols or sounds, but come to recognize some of them more easily, and not be overwhelmed by the torrent of new shapes washing over it.

To begin with I ignored for the most part, the Chinese symbols and focused on the PinYin (transliterated Chinese – broken into english phonetics). Before I went back through the module – I began tying the meanings of the syllables and the words onto the Symbols. I did this by finding the range of the most common characters, and learned of the HSK which is a test of proficiency by Hong Kong for language skill in Chinese. This armed me with a list of 300 commonly used characters which I patiently sketched, wrote the English meaning, and then the Chinese words and its tone accent underneath. I hope to identify patterns in the symbols – whereby I don't mean imagining some associative action that relates to the symbol (very few of them have this quality) but training my brain to use only the shapes involved in Chinese characters. For instance, there are no triangles, loops, circles – and while complex, there are 'Radicals' which are Chinese symbols that are repeated again and again, though often slightly modified to give new meanings; but also a very definite set of shapes, that although very complex in some cases, are by that nature distinct enough to remember – or should be, with practice.

I work on the premise that the subconscious remembers everything even just by sighting the material. So it is akin to washing symbolic water through my mental sieve and letting the gold catch in the wire over time.

Because you have to tie the symbol to the word, pronounce the word correctly with one of five tones, and assemble spoken sentences in the right order and be able to read the symbols in a sentence with relative speed – learning Mandarin is a challenge because of the many layers required to fully utilize this language in its many forms. It is also notoriously difficult to learn a language when not in the environment where it is required. However I also bought a second-hand chinese phrasebook to assist in broadening my vocabulary, and understanding how Chinese is spoken both informally and in greater depth than the app can allow.

By writing the symbols, practicing speaking the sounds, practicing comprehension, listening to the language periodically, fine-tuning my knowledge of the strokes and the pronounciation and through repetition – I hope to begin having conversations with myself in Mandarin within a few months time, and to be able to recognize a large lexicon of symbols and write them too. Therefore every character requires a fair bit of information to memorize in order to comprehend fully – and upwards

of 3000 to read a Chinese newspaper. I will consider being able to speak and understand basic phrases within a few months as an achievable and decent effort.
I am currently writing the last 30 syllables of the HSK which I will consult with regularity and also begin to work my way back through the App. Hopefully my holistic method to crash-course my brain, has given me greater familiarity conscious and unconscious over all layers of the Chinese language – that I did not have before, as it should not seem so alien now. At the time of writing I have memorized the form and meaning of 120 Chinese Characters. There are said to be in the realm of 50,000+ unique Chinese characters, though only 9000 or so are necessary to be able to write fluent Chinese.
Some years from now I will move to Asia and begin studying the roots and forms of THEM presenced in Chinese History, translating my findings for the Temple as part of the Mvimaedivm Black and Black Glyph Society project.
+CO+

Musical Interludes ~ Small Notes

SEPTEMBER 3, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1

Marilyn Manson: During the Big Day Out concert in Melbourne, 1999 among 30,000 spectators someone threw a bottle at Marilyn Manson causing him to stop and angrily refuse to continue playing until someone owned up. He tried to instigate the crowd to beat up the bottle-thrower but failed – but a tense stand-off between the crowd who had fallen entirely silent and Manson who was staring into the front rows. At that point I cupped my hands and shouted out “We Love You Reverend!”. Manson (an ordained Satanic Priest in the COS, hence, Reverend) looked up, peered into the crowd and I think saw me. He took a few steps back signalled to his band and they broke back into song. I’d be damned if some idiot was going to ruin my day at the concert of my favourite musician and occultist. If there exists footage, I am wearing a Black White Zombie tank-top with 666 Muthafucker on the back.

Cradle of Filth: At the Mosh Pit of Cradle of Filth when they played the Palais in Melbourne. everyone was giving Devil Horns to Danni. When I smiled at him and held up a Peace Sign his face twisted in actual hatred and he yelled something at me angrily, flipping me off. Like many, maybe he didn’t appreciate actual rebellion.

Slipknot: Prior to the rise of Slipknot, and before they had been heard of in Australia – my friend Jared and I got hold of some Bootlegs in a music shop in Dandenong, Victoria. We were greatly impressed by the ferocity of the music and I adopted the name of the song ‘742617000027’ as my nickname on the internet in a chatsite called ‘Alamak’. Some weeks later I got a strange message from a user ‘Hedsic’ who claimed to have a message from Cory who had apparently taken umbrage at my ‘impersonation of a slipknot member’ – and levelled threats at me if I didn’t change it. I wrote back asking him who the fuck did he think he was, there’d been no attempt to impersonate anyone, and I had merely appreciated his amazing music – but he needed to get the fuck off his high horse. I never got a reply. Or an apology.

Zardonic: After chatting with this fellow at some length, I learned something about him few people know. To that end I crafted him a special occult sigil, which he called, possibly the most important piece of fan art I have ever received. He claimed he would get it tattooed – I don’t know if he did. I believe the sigil is still on his fan art site section.
Ryan Anschauung.

The Sober Re-Realization of the Human Condition

AUGUST 23, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1

"life is but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then he's heard no more. it is a tale, told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying, nothing." – William Shakespeare.

For all their efforts, for all their striving, scheming, day-to-day detailing in their infinite scope and detail such as the mind is capable, for sex, for power, for status, for everlasting glory, for dominance, for legacy – can you name a single Gladiator? A single Noble from Sumeria? A single person that does not appear in history books and whose life has faded to nothing but fragmented tatters lost in the Abyss?

No – you can't. And one day, Soon, human, you too will pass from this world to oblivion. For all your struggle, for all your striving, whatever you think, whatever power you think you hold, or have grasped from Gods unseen, however proud you are, however rich, however happy, or self-important – you will return to dust – swept away by the tide. You will be forgotten and you will be lost to time. You will be You no more, but the nameless, faceless, lifeless corpses on which your young boots now tread in the cemeteries, where you stand in the shadow of the buildings that built your world long before you arrived in it, and the roads you took to get there. Everything you built, to dust. Everything you said, to dust. Everything you are, and were, to dust.

And in the face of this magnificent awakening to your impending death, what do you claim? Fearlessness? Pride? Your 'Accomplishments'? – Your 'Achievements'? If yours are so mighty, then you can name Theirs, for if such 'Deeds' are to be remembered, where are they? Beyond the handful of scribbled notes of historical fumbling, that glorified a few random souls while the many went unanswered, unheard? Do you have to conquer the planet to be remembered, invent the lightbulb, become the focus of learning and education, in some way, stand Out, to convince others of your majesty?

To ashes you are going. Day by day, disintegrating into nothing while the incessant jackboots of those behind you in their millions juggernaut, war machine, erasing whatever footsteps you may have left on your proud march, foolish soldier of fortune. All those things you grasp, all those dreams you dream, all those you crush underfoot to get what you want – to be who you are – will soon be an Other, embodied in the same game, stepping over your grave, nameless and dead. And all you gave in this mad struggle, thrashing about like an idiot siren blindly echoing all those others before you imbued by the light that shone and faltered, thought itself in control, will come to naught, devoid entirely of reason.

It is they who will take you, they who will ensure others forget you. THEM – who persist, eternal.

Agios O Aosoth 2019

AUGUST 20, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1

T.H.E.M Chant (Alt).

AUGUST 18, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

https://drive.google.com/open?id=1nmF8Vam_leb14vhIKR0ECDhQTq56SofC

WR/KS AUg 17th 2019 WHC/Aso

AoA Chant Practice:
AoA Alt:
WHC: *valley of the snakes. chant: ks. cap.*

THEM In Eternum

JUNE 27, 2019 BY ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

1

In 2006 I co-founded an occult organization named the Temple of THEM whose aims were to examine the human condition, identify its dysfunctions and instill change. THEM is a world-wide quantum philosophic occult organization that embodies the essence Lovecraft struggled to describe. Over the short course of its life the Temple has gone through many phases and while operating primarily secretly or in a manner unique to each member, it concerns itself with understanding the world through Forms and Forces. This understanding has been expressed in a prolific torrent of over 20,000 pages, hundreds of images, many different forms and groups. THEM was never meant to be an acronym – but later came to be framed with 'Terato Haruspex Engram Maleficia' translating to 'Look Deep Inside the Monster – Remember – and Become One of THEM'. THEM primarily teaches individuals how to approach, integrate and merge the darkness of human condition to attain what Carl Jung referred to as 'Individuation' – albeit by facing their worst demons head on and alchemically transforming their thought processes and way of looking at the world into a state where they can no longer be deceived, manipulated or controlled by any forms. Additionally THEM has a Theist Shinto recognition of Forces larger and more powerful than human beings as Dark Gods – among these include gravity, death, natural disaster, the subconscious, time and narrative. This recognition and humility is enshrined in our symbol 'The Thrasz' which refers to an initiated awareness of the cycles of life and death, form and force. I believe and teach that adopting and living a form you do not understand, that you fear or do not know is required to extract its essence and speak on it from experience. The Temple and by proxy its visitors extend their gracious gratitude to Derek Whitey Basque and Grin AnonWidago, of THEM, for their archival initiative and preservation of Our Works, without which this restoration of the Temple of THEM WordPress should not be possible or far paler in comparison. ISS.

It is now at and beyond its former glory with an excess of 400 posts and many additional links to other full works and associated literature. We will attempt to stand and serve as an occult beacon until 2036. In the meantime – Stage V of the Temple's Work has begun to unfold.

2006

⊕ 2036